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LETTERS

angry dove

Milwaukee, Wisc.

DEAR SIRS: I have been a card-carrying Democrat since 1954 (age 18), my positions in the party including Wisconsin delegation chairman to the 1957 Reno Young Democratic National Convention, election as Democratic ward committeeman in 1958, delegate to the 1959 YDCA convention in Toledo, re-election as Democratic Committeeman and losing by five votes for Democratic Assemblyman in 1960. Also in 1960, I served as Sen. Hubert Humphrey's Milwaukee County delegation election chairman (County caucus). Marguerite Webb, my mother, was a 1956 Wisconsin Kefauver delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago. . . .

During the 1956 primaries, Kefauver material was available at our Milwaukee Democratic headquarters on an equal basis with Stevenson's or the administration's "favorite son." Though the administration was cool to fans of Estes they were tolerant. In 1960, both Humphrey and Kennedy material was equally available. In 1964, it was absolute unity behind the "peaceful and liberal" Johnson-Humphrey team. Then enter decay.

Not even tolerance existed toward the McCarthy people; it was open hostility. Hints of Joe McCarthy's reincarnation seemed to plague the Eugene McCarthy people . . . Not in spite of but because of my fourteen years of liberal service to the Democratic Party, I want it publicly known to National Chairman John Bailey and party boss Richard Daley that this is one dove that will not roost with hawks! If Hubert Humphrey is the party's nominee, I shall let my membership terminate and will urge other abused progressive and rank-and-file Democrats to do the same.

John F. Webb
Former Democratic Committeeman

Moravia's fiction

Flushing, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: By starting out with a prejudice that the Great Wall still symbolizes the psychology as well as the social, economic and political system of China, Alberto Moravia puts his entire article out of focus ["Lobster Land: A Traveler in China," *The Nation*, Aug. 19]. Present-day China's means of production and distribution are Socialist; her educational system, her health services, her approach to Confucianism, the peasantry, industrialization and her rightful place in the world are as different as missiles are from stagecoaches. China, incidentally, trades with more than ninety nations in the world. Does that make her isolated and conservative? Is her call for more and more Vietnams an example of circumscribed views? Mr. Moravia is indeed a writer of fiction.

Leonard Boyer

Kennedy people

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial on the subject of Kennedy supporters vs. McCarthy ("The 'No Chance' Candidate," Aug. 5) displayed an appalling lack of sensitivity. McCarthy and his supporters, however righteous they may seem to you, are not entirely free of blame for anti-McCarthy sentiment. (I speak as a former Kennedy supporter who now supports McCarthy.) The feeling of Kennedy supporters is that Kennedy conducted a fairer and more open-minded campaign than McCarthy and that he was far better informed than McCarthy. Whether or not this attitude is correct, if you are courting our support you should pay more heed to our feelings than to state that this belief does not have "enough substance to call for a rebuttal." . . .

Wm. James Roberts

EDITORIALS

Brutal and Stupid

The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia is brutal and stupid aggression, executed in open defiance of the UN Charter, and carried out under cover of double-talk so inept and fraudulent that one wonders why Mr. Malik even bothered to mouth it to the Security Council. The aggression was directed not against an unfriendly power or at "counterrevolutionary" elements but against a Communist regime whose unshakable fraternal bonds with the USSR had just been reaffirmed at Bratislava.

The aggression is as stupid as it is brutal. From the outset, the Soviets handled the Czech attempts at liberalization and reform with extraordinary clumsiness. Initially they overreacted, then they tried to extricate themselves from their threats and menacing maneuvers by staging the ludicrous Bratislava "summit," and now they have put themselves in the position of having committed open aggression against another Communist regime.

The hard-liners in the Kremlin decided to move in—there is evidence that the decision was taken abruptly—when they finally realized that Dubcek had the support not merely of an overwhelming majority of the Czech people but of a decisive majority within the party. In brief, no plausible Quislings were available for use in a serious challenge to Dubcek, and he was certain to receive strong support at the party meeting in September. Not knowing what else to do, the hard-liners set the tanks rolling toward Prague. But they have not crushed the Czech people nor have they, except for the short term, eliminated the "threat" of freedom in Eastern Europe. By acting as they did, the Soviets have not checked the contagion: on the contrary, they have assured its rapid diffusion throughout Eastern Europe and within the U.S.S.R. as well. And now they have 14 million sullen, hostile and extremely uncooperative Czechs on their border.

While the Soviet aggression is certain to be self-defeating in the long term, it has dangerous present implications. It probably reflects a shift of power to those within the Politburo who would smother the promising beginnings made toward a détente with the United States. It has given arms spending here an unneeded boost; the prospects for arms control, particularly in the missile field, have been set back, at least for the time being. Momentarily, the Soviet aggression will strengthen the American hard line, though perhaps not as much as it now seems to do. It has created new difficulties for the McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy forces on the eve of the Democratic convention and it may have improved Nixon's chances.

But Soviet aggression in Europe does not justify American aggression in Vietnam. Washington's moral and political position at the UN would be immeasurably strengthened had we not acted as we have in Vietnam, in Cuba (Bay of Pigs), and in the Dominican Republic.

Moreover, the reaction to the Soviets' latest aggression provides striking confirmation that the "monolith" of Communist power is breaking up. The invasion has been opposed by the Yugoslav and Romanian regimes and by

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the Communist parties of Italy and France; Peking has denounced it as a shameless act. The Soviet aggression emphasizes the need for a reorientation of American policy along lines recommended by McCarthy, McGovern, Kennedy, Mansfield, Fulbright and other critics. When the U.S. Ambassador at the UN can speak with such vehemence in defense of the sovereign rights of a Communist state, it is surely time for us to reconsider the sterile "anti-Communist" positions of the cold-war period. The demand for peace is much too strong to be reversed by an act of aggression which has isolated the Soviet Union and brought down upon it the nearly universal condemnation of world opinion, including the condemnation of Communist parties and Communist regimes.

Why is it, Neal Ascherson asked in the London *Observer* of July 25, that the Soviets, who show considerable flexibility and adroitness in external relations with other powers, seem incapable of dealing with disputes within the Communist bloc except by invective, menace and force? His answer: "There is no machinery, not even a language in which the inevitable tensions [within the bloc] can be discussed. The Russians behave as though the situation of forty years ago survived"—that is, when they could issue orders to the world Communist movement.

Arnold Toynbee recently pointed out that when an authoritarian power, either a nation or an institution, East or West, asserts its authority nowadays, it is usually a sign that it feels it is in danger of losing control. The quandaries in which these staggering colossi, including the United States and other Western powers, find themselves (see article page 167) is of their own making; they have lost touch with contemporary realities. In deciding to assert themselves, as Toynbee notes, "they have failed to take account of a new factor in human affairs; the wind of freedom that, by the spread of education, is blowing mightily today all over the face of the globe."

We are not living today in the age of iron-steel-and-coal communism, when millions of people could be shoved into mines and factories, but in an age of electronics, when scientists and technicians—and intellectuals of all sorts—constitute the class which makes the post-industrial society work (even though it seems strange to think of them as constituting the "working class"). The hard-liners in the Kremlin should reread the 10,000-word essay by Academician Andrei Sakharov (published in full in *The New York Times* July 22), in which he pointed out that "intellectual freedom" is "essential for human society" and the "key to a progressive restructuring of the systems of government in the interests of mankind."

This latest example of aggression by one of the surviving "dinosaur" great powers was, then, basically an act of panic, stemming from the inability of Soviet conservatives to think of any other way of reacting to what they saw as an unexpected turn in human affairs. Not knowing what else to do, the hard-liners succumbed to the "falling dominoes" fallacy, much as Rusk and Rostow succumbed to it in Southeast Asia. "Like America," to quote Ascherson again, "the Soviet Union fails to distinguish the strategic challenge from the political. This means that Czechoslovakia" (he was writing, of course, before the invasion) "though loyal to the Warsaw Pact, is treated like an

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enemy, though it is difficult to see how, in the atomic age, Soviet security is served by bullying a small neighbor who could be a prosperous ally into sullen submission, good for nothing." The "staggering colossi" should take note of what is happening to old-fashioned power-politic concepts in the post-industrial world. These colossi, East and West, are much more vulnerable than they think.

Cowboy Around His Neck

The inescapable lesson of the preparations for the Chicago convention is that Lyndon B. Johnson cannot help being himself. Through Boss Richard Daley, his chosen instrument, Mr. Johnson is doing his damnedest to run the convention, and so far his prospects for success seem good. Another efficient trouble-shooter, Charles Murphy, has been called in to lead the fight on the Vietnam plank, the one closest to the Presidential solar plexus. Mr. Johnson himself lent a hand here by his surprise stopoff in Detroit to receive the applause of the Veterans of Foreign Wars for his determination to save the people of South Vietnam from any tyranny but our own.

The visit had to be a surprise for security reasons, but Mr. Johnson presumably timed it so as to sandbag those who are trying to talk sense about Vietnam and save the Democratic Party. This in a very broad sense includes Vice President Humphrey, who has the additional incentive of trying to save his own political neck. This natural impulse on Humphrey's part was not furthered by the visits of the President and Richard Nixon to the assembled veterans. As Johnson breezed in, Dick breezed out, and they chatted by radio telephone. Jolly Dick bantered that he had "warmed up" the old soldiers for LBJ, and the latter, entering into the spirit of the exchange, expressed his thanks. The Associated Press reported that the Nixon and Johnson views on Vietnam were very similar. This raises a question: if Nixon's views are close to Johnson's, how far are Humphrey's views from Nixon's?

It is worth noting that the VFW boys, normally the most predatory of hawks, did not receive Mr. Johnson tumultuously—even when he sought to arouse them by departing from his text to accuse the North Vietnamese of creating a "blood bath" (in which, it may be pointed out, their losses in killed are about ten times ours). What must have been Humphrey's thoughts when he read the remarks of his superior? His tumbling act was difficult enough before Detroit—trying to remain outwardly loyal while also trying to comply with the desires of the millions of voters who abhor both the war and its prime escalator—but at Detroit the President made it well-nigh impossible. His performance there raises the suspicion that in moments of wrath and frustration Johnson says to himself that if he can't run again because of the damned reaction to the war, no Democrat will succeed him.

It is little wonder, then, that political seers like Jesse Unruh now look askance at Humphrey. They may sympathize with his plight but politics is politics, and when defeat looms it is every man for himself. One of Unruh's assistants was quoted recently as saying, "Humphrey's got the cowboy [Johnson] around his neck and the guy's killing him." He is also killing the party's chances, helping Nixon, and putting Democratic nominees for office, high and low, on a tough spot. Such disarray has not been seen since conventions began.

If this is Mr. Johnson's intention—or, more likely, a by-product of his current distemper—he must be willing to take the risk of aiding McCarthy while ruining Humphrey. The possibility may be slim, but with Humphrey falling behind Nixon in the polls and McCarthy holding his own, there is always the chance that a sizable number of delegates will say to hell with the war, abandon the unfortunate candidate who cannot dissociate himself from it, and take a chance on McCarthy, who can afford to be forthright with no cowboy around his neck.

The Absent-Minded Press

The press has an irritating way of flushing out an important story and then dropping it or not relating it to what has gone before. In reporting a deposition hearing in Washington, *The New York Times* recently informed its readers that Walter Sheridan, former Justice Department employee (he headed the so-called "Hoffa Squad"), had obtained $3,000 in cash from Stephen E. Smith, who handles finances for the Kennedy family. This he intended to pass along to Robert Vick, a key witness in the case against Hoffa. The money was placed in an envelope which Sheridan gave to Vick without discussing its contents. Later Sheridan and Vick met in the offices of an attorney in Washington for the purpose of having a promissory note drawn which would evidence a "loan" of $3,000 to Vick—who, according to Sheridan, had suffered financially because he had testified as a witness against Hoffa. But the attorney advised that the transaction "might look improper," and Sheridan returned the $3,000 to Mr. Smith in New York. Sheridan had previously arranged for the Department of Justice to pay $675 to bring the Vick family to Washington for a visit. At an earlier date, the Department had paid Vick $1,340.80 to cover expenses for four visits to Washington, and had arranged for him to remain on the payroll of the Nashville Police Department (without working) for a period of five months after he had testified.

These disclosures need to be related to certain facts which were brought out at the Hoffa trial. On Sheridan's authorization, the Department of Justice had paid some $1,500 from its "confidential fund" to the wife of Edward Grady Partin, another key government witness, although its representatives had denied making payments to Partin for anything other than regular witness fees and expenses. The payments to Vick carry the same suggestion of impropriety as the payments to Mrs. Partin. Unless they are experts, witnesses are not *paid* to testify (though they are of course entitled to per diem statutory witness fees, mileage and actual expenses); nor are they compensated for inconvenience or loss of income.

This solicitude for key witnesses should be related to still another recent development. Not long ago the Department of Justice asked the federal courts to dismiss a number of serious criminal prosecutions pending against

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Partin, who had been "planted" as an informer in Hoffa's defense headquarters. The motion was denied.

Will these cases now be brought to trial? The Department's failure to prosecute Partin with the same vigor with which it prosecuted Hoffa will give rise to an inference that it had an understanding with Partin that the cases against him would be dropped if he agreed to be an informer. Developments such as these lend substantial confirmation to the misgivings which *The Nation* has consistently voiced about the methods used to secure Hoffa's conviction (see "The Hoffa Trial" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, April 27, 1964).

Worrying About Wallace

George Wallace is no peanut-size demagogue and there is good reason for politicians to be worried about him—and not only the full-time politicians but politicians of the labor movement and labor leaders in general. *Business Week* (August 17) comments on the appeal that Wallace has for the rank and file of labor, as well as for unorganized workers. In a recent poll of a New Jersey plant local of the relatively progressive United Auto Workers on Presidential preferences, Wallace won in a landslide with 430 votes, Nixon coming in second with 92. In Willow Springs, Ill., a 2,900-member UAW local voted 315 for Wallace, 33 for Nixon, with some scattered votes. The officials may be whistling in the dark when they point out that less than 15 per cent of the membership took part and that the result might not reflect "true sentiment." AFL-CIO rank-and-file sentiment for Wallace has been a matter of national concern for some time.

Why does organized labor (with some honorable exceptions) find itself in this position?

(*1*) For twenty-five years—a full generation—social idealism has been almost totally absent from the American labor movement. Organized labor has been a junior partner in the cold war and has got fat in the process.

(*2*) Hardly anything even resembling an educational program has been carried on by organized labor since the inception of the cold war, so that there has been nothing to counteract the moral deterioration which labor has suffered along with other segments of society.

(*3*) Contested elections for union office have been rare, largely because expert redbaiting has clobbered the opposition before it could get under way. Many incumbent officers have come to look on their jobs as a vested interest.

(*4*) The so-called "new breed" in the trade union movement does not remember the Great Depression, much less the epic labor struggles of the 19th century, and has very little sense of what a union movement should be.

But that is only part of the story. It is difficult to feel sympathetic toward the Wallace following, and emotionally gratifying to refer to them as boobs and jerks, as some commentators are in the habit of doing. But it is better sociology to see some of the issues as the Wallace supporters see them. Caught in an inflationary situation, they feel they are being "squeezed," as in fact they are. Most of these low-status workers are going to stay about where they are economically, and they are well aware of it. In the mass media, in Congress and in many corporations they see a great fuss being made about the blacks, but no one is making a fuss about them. They feel excluded from the two-party system, and to a large extent they have been.

Their insecurities are heightened by fear of losing status. After all, the only status they have is the fact that Negroes are below them on the ladder—Negroes and welfare recipients. They may feel fairly confident that they can keep off welfare (so long as they stay healthy), but they want also to stay above the Negroes. George Wallace conveys to them (in the code language which he and they understand) that as far as he has anything to say, they will do so.

What underlies this form of racism is the fear of failure—the cardinal sin in American society. Failure may take many forms, some real and some phantasmal. When they listen to Wallace, these workers feel their worth. When he attacks "smart folks who have been looking down their noses at you in Washington," they love it. For the moment, they feel as good as anybody.

Keep an Eye on Georgia

A primary election of extraordinary importance is scheduled for September 11 in Georgia, the state where Lester Maddox reigns as governor and yearns to turn the Democratic Party back to the good old days of the Confederacy. Maynard Jackson, a 30-year-old Atlanta lawyer, is challenging the incumbent, Herman E. Talmadge, for his seat in the U.S. Senate. That would be extraordinary enough for Talmadge, thought as unbeatable in Georgia. But, to make things more interesting, Jackson is a Negro.

Although it is highly unlikely that Jackson can beat Talmadge, the point is that if he can make a good showing against the Senator, his campaign will have long-term and salutary effects on Georgia politics. After Maddox's performance, the sensible people of the state will do all they can to keep demagogues out of office. Talmadge comes honestly by a somewhat higher grade of demagogy than that of Maddox. The fact that Jackson has no trace of the demagogue in him may prove attractive to some whites. More important, however, is the Negro vote. It is already a factor in Georgia, and Jackson could make the state truly biracial in politics.

Georgia has some 350,000 registered Negro voters and about 1.45 million white voters. Jackson is running against Talmadge in the Democratic primary, and some of the whites will vote in the Republican primary, the first Georgia has had in recent times. Another group of whites will vote for anybody opposing Talmadge, who has his share of enemies; these are poor voters for the most part, and Jackson may appeal to their populist sentiment. They call Talmadge "king of the hams," a reference to a widely sold Talmadge brand. Assuming that Jackson gets 300,000 Negro votes and 200,000 white votes, not only Georgia but the whole country would take notice.

Jackson is not running as a Negro but as a Georgian. He is in fact, a fifth-generation native of the state. He is

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opposed to Maddox but takes no position as between Humphrey and McCarthy—which would only alienate potential supporters and not help McCarthy. However, his position on national affairs is fairly close to that of McCarthy: he calls for a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam and intensified diplomatic efforts.

He did not get into the race until June, when emotion played a part in his decision: His daughter was born on the day Martin Luther King was assassinated. He was watching TV when the news of Robert Kennedy's assassination was broadcast. Then he decided something had to be done, and that he could do as much as anybody.

In the short time he has been active, he has built up a good organization. Talmadge says that it would take $1 million to run a strong campaign against him. Jackson doesn't have a million, or anything like it, but lots of $5 and $10 contributions are coming in and a very interesting situation is developing. Even the mass media may discover it before September 11; if not, they may have to feature it on September 12. Robert G. Sherrill will discuss Jackson's campaign, and those of two other Southern Negroes, in the *Nation* of September 9.

'Playing God'

Some weeks back we asked former Gov. Edmund G. Brown for a statement on capital punishment. We knew that during his years in Sacramento the death penalty was a source of grievous torment to "Pat" Brown, a notably fair-minded and kindly man who has always opposed capital punishment. So we thought it important to discover what he thinks about the death penalty today, now that he is no longer governor and does not have to worry about the politics of it. Here is his response:

> The governor of the largest state in the Union has a tough job, but the toughest part of it by far is "playing God"—deciding whether a man should live or die.
>
> I had fifty-nine men and one woman condemned to the gas chamber come before me during the eight years I was governor of California. There was not a single one for whom a case for clemency could not be made. There was not a single one whose crime was not atrocious and premeditated.
>
> What do you do in order to uphold the law and your sworn oath to faithfully carry out all the laws of this state? Do you yield to the misguided but sincere people who are appalled by the crime of the criminal and feel that only death is the answer? Do you endanger all of the other things that you are trying to do as governor by losing the support of the majority of the people who believe in the death penalty, or do you extend mercy by using the clemency power that the Constitution gives only to the governor?
>
> I tried to resolve this dilemma by personally scrutinizing every case after the defendant had exhausted every remedy that he may have had in the courts. I personally conducted a hearing in the governor's office.
>
> I commuted only eighteen of the sixty cases. As I look back on these cases, I wish that I had commuted every single one. Capital punishment is not doing a single solitary bit of good and should be repealed and life in prison should be substituted.

Riding Shotgun in Watts

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

A Los Angeles newspaper reported: "In the pre-dawn hours, 103rd Street had the look of occupied territory with police officers patrolling—four inside each car with a black-helmeted officer riding shotgun on the front fender."

Not only did 103rd Street, which runs through the black ghetto of Watts in south central Los Angeles, take on the appearance of occupied territory, it *was* occupied territory. A few hours before, around midnight of August 11, a two-hour gun battle between police and scattered groups of ghetto blacks had left three black men dead, six policemen and thirty-five others wounded. A helicopter, circling low overhead in the darkness, swept the ghetto rooftops with a searchlight to locate potential snipers.

The violence erupted at the close of the week-long third annual Watts Summer Festival, which had been organized to create a sense of community identity and pride after the August, 1965, uprising. The arrest of a woman suspected of drunkenness at the park where the festival was held apparently ignited the outburst on August 11, just as the arrest of a youth on a drunken driving charge had started the 1965 holocaust. The festival crowd began throwing rocks and bottles at the police and the exchange of gunfire followed. Who started firing first—members of the crowd or the police—is under dispute. In response to radio calls for help, hundreds of additional officers converged on the scene.

If the arrest of the woman had not taken place, any other minor incident could have set off the violence. The black community had been seething since the previous Monday when three youthful blacks, members of the militant Black Panther Party, were killed on the edge of the ghetto in a gun fight in which two policemen were seriously wounded. Police said the blacks opened fire, and Black Panther leaders said the police shot first.

The two gun battles within a week's time were the latest in a recent rash of violent incidents in the Los Angeles ghetto. In sorting out the conflicting reports, one fact became evident. The police are now regularly confronting armed blacks in the ghetto area. On the fifth day of the Watts Festival, police in a squad car reported that they were fired upon while cruising near an interracial housing project. They arrested eight men, reporting that one was

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armed with an automatic pistol. All were booked on suspicion of assault with intent to commit murder.

And a second fact is emerging in Los Angeles: an alliance is growing between the Mexican-American community and the blacks. At a Los Angeles City Council hearing, one Mexican-American witness said, "Our barrios and ghettos are already concentration camps, heavily guarded by your so-called good police force. We charge that it is not the community that is responsible for the violence or the social disorder, but rather it is the policy of the City Council and the practices and policy of the police department which are responsible."

The Mexican-Americans and the blacks pressed these demands upon the council:

"Stop legal killing by police."

"Stop wholesale arrests" of minority citizens.

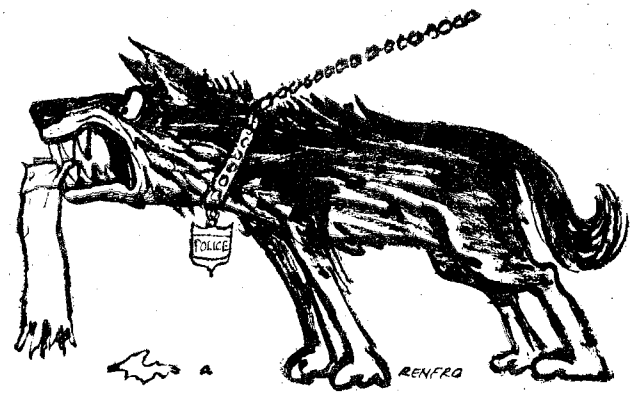
"Stop intimidation, illegal detention and illegal search" of blacks and Mexican-Americans.

"Reduce the concentration of police in black and brown communities."

One youthful Mexican-American told the Council: "Make no mistake about it; there is a war between our communities and the police, and it can be fought at the negotiating table, or in public hearings, or, if you choose, in the streets." And a black witness said: "We're tired of police harassment, we're tired of police brutality, we're tired of the murders of our black and brown brothers, we're tired of being arrested on every trumped-up charge."

Chief of Police Tom Reddin, now considered by many in the minority communities to be a soft-spoken version of his predecessor, the late iron-handed William H. Parker, replied: "We were not the ones who opened fire."

After the week of violence in Los Angeles and amid the welter of contradictory claims, it was impossible immediately to determine the cause. But such a determination, if it could have been made, would be largely irrelevant. The relevant facts, long known and characteristic of every ghetto in America are these: The unemployment rate in Watts is 13.1 per cent, compared to the community-wide rate of 4.3 per cent. The sub-employment rate in Watts, including those who work but have a substandard income, is 30 per cent. Thirty-five to 45 per cent of black children drop out before they finish high school; hundreds of Negro families have no father living in the homes; community services, from garbage collection to transportation to medical care, are often nonexistent, and when available are far below standards elsewhere.



Into this center of misery, the city sends the police, much as an old colonial power used the troops to pacify the natives. The police, frequently hostile and always afraid, must cope with a situation approaching guerrilla warfare and caused by conditions created and tolerated by the larger society. The police in the field, mostly young men in their 20s, are also victims of this domestic invasion—just as American soldiers killed in Vietnam are victims of their country's aggression abroad.

STAGGERING COLOSSUS

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Mr. Birnbaum, founding editor of the New Left Review *(London), will become professor of sociology at Amherst College in September. Mr. Birnbaum is the author of* Theory of Industrial Society, *soon to be published by Trinity College Press. This essay is written in honor of the late C. Wright Mills.*

I

Industrial society—East and West—is in crisis, and the intensity, the pervasiveness, the continuing acceleration of the crisis have taken all of us (including that society's bitterest critics) by surprise. Only yesterday we were being assured that our Western societies were immune to severe disruption. The satisfied liberals argued that the societies were so pluralistic as to be monolithically stable, that they rested on so much consent that dissent was gratuitous. The disappointed Socialists held that pluralism was a sham, that a simulacrum of consent had been engineered, and that one day the truth would out—but not now, nor in the foreseeable future. The conservative critics of mass society supposed that most men had forgotten their higher nature in the pursuit of consumer goods, and yearned for a lost ideal of purpose, station and community. The radical critics insisted that human potential had been extirpated by bureaucratic power, that opposition itself had become an existential gesture rather than a meaningful political act.

About the State Socialist societies in Eastern Europe, there were even fewer differences. The monopoly of power exercised by the state parties might be improved in appearance by certain concessions to popular opinion, but no fundamental institutional changes could be expected —the more so, as the workers (quite like their Western counterparts) were content to accept technocratic direction as long as their living standards improved. East and

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West, only the intellectuals were left, nostalgically lamenting the more or less total disappearance of an image of man that was Promethean in its pretensions—and in its remoteness. The idea of men seizing their own destinies, refusing domination, remaking their societies, was possibly fit matter for university seminars on myth, but not a serious element in political discussion.

We were all of us wrong, to a greater or lesser degree, and the immediate point is to see clearly now. What we did was misjudge the stability—and probable length—of a phase of integration and consolidation in the politics of advanced societies. Even those of us who have been working in the Marxist tradition overestimated the staying power of modern systems of domination—or, put in another way, we had insufficient faith in the human capacity to refuse humiliation, deprivation and servitude, even when these have been inflicted in refined and veiled forms. Some of us, to be sure, were quicker to seize the movement of events than others: Mills, Harrington and Lynd in this country, the old Marxist Henri Lefebvre and the new ones André Gorz and Serge Mallet in France, Eric Hobsbawm, Ralph Miliband and Perry Anderson in England, Wolfgang Abendroth and Burkard Lutz in Germany, Ernst Mandel in Belgium, the group around Lelio Basso in Italy. I myself never managed to see straight, and this for a simple reason: never attached to the working-class movement, I moved between countries but almost always among intellectuals with approximately the same complaints. That others could share feelings of revulsion, disgust and despair at the way we had to live struck us as exceedingly unlikely, as if the only possible mark of humanity (despite our own immediate experience to the contrary in universities, on magazines and in publishing houses) were a doctorate.

What were the signs we misread? In the first place we underestimated the significance of the Third World's struggle against the older and newer forms of imperialism, or rather, its multiple meanings and consequences. On one level, the success of the Algerians and the Cubans in liberating themselves (in very different ways and against very different opponents) caused the imperialist powers to change their strategies. The French and the British (with the West Germans in tow) abandoned military occupation for economic penetration and manipulation. These forms of neo-colonialism were far from deceiving the radical elites in the Third World (none of whom believe, for instance, that the Katanga secession was not instigated from without). The new strategies increased the cost of imperialism, but did not bring many of the political gains attached to withdrawal from it.

The United States, by contrast, after the Cuban trauma went over to ever more naked military intervention in the Third World—culminating in the Vietnamese horror. The Third World did not resist in isolation: its populations found solidarity in the West, not among the working class but in cultural elites, particularly their younger members. Moreover, the spectacle of a China resurgent and experimenting with new political forms, made of the Sino-Soviet split and the "cultural revolution" factors of attraction not only for the Third World but for Western youth.

The liberal Western societies have been demonstrating, quite unintentionally, the limits of liberalism in its alliance with imperialism. The Socialist lands of the East have been demonstrating, equally without intention, the limits of socialism in alliance with a single-party dictatorship and a bureaucratic state apparatus. The erosion of monolithic Communist state power is generally attributed to the series of popular upheavals which began in Germany in 1953, continued in Poland and Hungary, and have had consequences for opinion in the Soviet Union itself. It is sometimes forgotten that the personal frenzies shown by Stalin at the very end of his life (specifically, the "Doctor's plot" with its anti-Semitic undertones) were connected with uncertainties about policy which had already begun to divide the Soviet leadership. Among these difficulties one has persisted: as production increased, the supervision of a technological economy shifted from a small political directorate to a far larger grouping of skilled executants. These could hardly be terrorized on the one hand and entrusted with decisions on the other—not at any rate, in the long run. The bureaucrats themselves, in and out of the ruling parties, became restive under total political direction. When confronted with popular antipathy (for perfectly obvious reasons of economic deprivation and, outside the Soviet Union, of injured national pride), bureaucrats and technical intelligentsia preferred solidarity with their nation to loyalty to the dominant party elite. The resultant fissures in the Communist state system eroded still further the legitimacy of the party elites. Alternating repression and concessions, the ruling Communist parties have not mastered a process of political decomposition whose end is not yet in sight.

The revolt of the American under class, symbolized this summer by the construction and closing of Resurrection City in Washington, is equally a process whose beginning we may now understand but about whose end we can only speculate. Originated to overcome legal and conventional racial barriers in the South, it touched the good (or bad) conscience of America as long as it seemed confined to the issue of legal racial separation. As it widened into a demand for total economic integration in the American economy, for factual as well as legal equality, as it spread into the North and as the full dimensions of the cities' problems became clear (including the possible cost of solving them), the revolt met very great psychological and institutional resistance. The United States faces its most serious crisis since the Civil War precisely because its much celebrated consensus has been broken. What is astonishing in retrospect is the rapidity and totality with which the break occurred. For the moment, we may say that sad days are ahead for those with the effrontery to speak of a joyous politics—the more so should circumstances, unhappy for the rest of us, propel them into power.

The relative quiescence of the working-class movement in Western societies has for so long preoccupied social critics that they have failed either to identify sure evidence of turbulence or to make some elementary distinctions. A working-class movement unable or unwilling to engage in total revolution is not necessarily one resigned to complacent collaboration with those in command of large-scale

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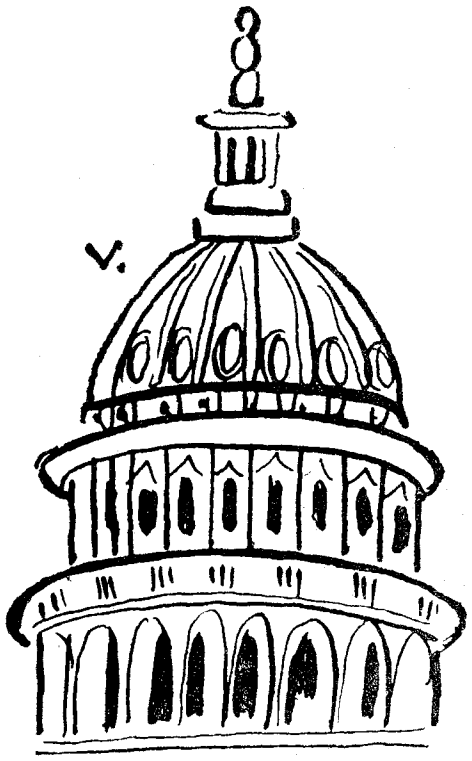
property. Last spring's general strike in France took many by surprise, yet it was preceded by occasional eruptions of mass discontent, by peasant protest verging on *jacqueries*, by regional movements against economic and cultural asphyxiation, by events like the combined strike of mine workers and engineers in eastern France in 1963, by changes in the structure and temper of trade union leadership.

In West Germany, the acceptance by the Social Democrats of coalition with the Christian Democrats has by no means precluded angry working-class protest at unemployment in the Ruhr district and a gradual increase in the influence of more radical unions like the Metallurgical Workers. The Labour government in Britain has only with difficulty contained the unions more than restive at the government's wages and social investment policies. Belgium has had—quite apart from the linguistic or national quarrel—a continuing series of violent outbreaks of working class protest. The recent shift of Italian working-class voters further to the left followed extreme union discontent with the economic and social policies of the Center-Left coalition. In the United States, the Auto Workers' break with the AFL-CIO perhaps indicates a renewed union militancy in the immediate future. The political integration of working-class parties in the political system, then, by no means signifies the total integration of the working class in the property system.

What has been dissolving, East and West, is the precarious integration that was attained by industrial societies about 1960. Any depiction of this is bound to resemble a caricature of the writings of integration's apologists. These seemed so plausible, however, because so nearly true—for a time. In the first place, whatever the cyclical and regressive phenomena in the West or the inefficiencies of the State Socialist version of planning in the East, industrial production and living standards were rising. The direction of society seemed to be in the hands of an increasingly technical elite who sought no legitimation apart from their successes in raising living standards. Meanwhile, a considerable enlargement in technical employment was associated with a boom in education: social mobility, and satisfaction of all the aspirations attaching to it, seemed within the reach of a good many—if only vicariously, through their children.

If the imperfections of the Western democratic system were many and if popular participation in the governance of society, economy and state was of necessity extremely restricted, periodic elections did assure a minimum of control of the rulers by the ruled—who in any case believed themselves to be partners in some common enterprise. At the same time, liberalization in the State Socialist countries was bringing nearer the happy if as yet still hypothetical condition of a *rapprochement* of the two great contending systems. Indeed, insofar as these societies improved their standards of living and technological capacities, or modernized themselves they would have to become more like our own societies. Were we not at the very culminating point of human history, and did not "modernization" entail the use of the computer, the automobile and the washing machine (with the indispensable aid of television, of course) to make everywhere like everyplace else, every



one like every other—and most of all, like America and Americans?

The initial critique of this highly bureaucratic vision of the good society was developed by the New Left. This movement was not an American invention. It began in the late fifties in Europe with the dual discrediting of Stalinist communism and reformist social democracy. The British journal *New Left Review* was founded in 1959, but was a fusion of two journals begun in 1956. The original aim of the European New Left was to reinvigorate the working-class parties, Communist and Social Democrat, by rethinking a socialism which had to be adapted to affluence, to changed global power relations, and to the lessons of the traumatic late forties and the fifties. It may seem surprising now, but the American New Left had a theory—given to it by the late C. Wright Mills—well before it developed a political practice. Mills's analysis of America was transposed to Europe by a certain number of Europeans—those who thought the American model not particularly worthy of emulation. In any case, our own American impression of the New Left as insistently atheoretic is extremely superficial. In Europe, the New Left has always regarded a theoretic reconstruction of socialism as one of its primary tasks, indeed as practically a preliminary to a political program. At the moment, Herbert Marcuse, a German who has lived in America for more than thirty years, is the most influential of New Left thinkers on both continents. One of the bases of his appeal is a clue to the sources of New Left energies everywhere: he is one of those rare old men who can speak to the young. As we shall see, the New Left to a considerable extent has been transmuted into a youth movement. This accounts, here and in Europe, for its frequently instinctual repudiation of old political forms, movements and prac-

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tices. It also accounts for a split between the working class and intellectual elements in the New Left—which in turn explains the chaotic nature of the campaign against the present system of domination in industrial society. Before examining the campaign itself, I want to diagram briefly the vulnerabilities, the inner contradictions, of that system.

II

East and West, the system rests on doctrines of popular representation and consent and on facts which induce compliance in the absence of representation and consent. In the State Socialist societies, elaborate—indeed, obsessive—charades of electoral legitimation have abounded for years. These, along with educative campaigns in mass organizations, in places of work, in neighborhoods, have had the function of enlarging popular comprehension of state policy, of increasing the sense of participation. But the obvious narrowness of the limits of choice, highly inadequate access to information other than that dispensed by those with opinions to implant—the sense of participating in a ritual rather than in a process of decision—have apparently contributed to a pervasive resentment in these societies, a sense of being played with.

It is surprising, on the face of it, that the free party organization of the Western societies has not had antithetical

effects. Part of the explanation may lie in the bureaucratic nature of many of the parties, in their domination by cliques and groups of interests and notables. Even the mass working-class parties of Western Europe, the Communists in France and Italy, the Social Democrats in Germany, the Labour Party in Britain, have usually seemed like textbook examples of party oligopoly brought to life. Pressured by government, by propertied and ideological interest groups outside it, frequently defied or baffled by the state technicians responsible for the daily exercise of power (or rather, not responsible for it, since relatively uncontrolled), parliaments propose but do not dispose, protest but do not initiate, complain but do not command. In the circumstances, a deep popular skepticism about democratic process has taken root even in societies with democratic traditions.

It is a common view among social thinkers that industrial societies, East and West, are evolving toward some form of technocratic elitism. Important decisions, it is held, are in the hands of controllers (not owners) of large-scale property. Technical experts have replaced political amateurs in sphere after sphere of the state, and in the economy itself engineers, programers and lawyers have replaced mere entrepreneurs. The technicians, it is argued, can dominate the politicians where they do not actually replace them, since they monopolize competence and experience.

There is no doubt that the technicians as a group have enlarged their power in the industrial systems of both East and West in the past decades. Equally, there is no doubt that their power has limits, set by their masters in each system; here, by the owners of large-scale private property; there, by the rulers of the state, the controllers of state property. Finally, there is a dimension of the entire system which escapes control, a way in which the apparatus imposes its own constraints upon those who think they command it, but actually serve it. This last mode of functioning gives industrial societies their dreadful impersonality. It is in response to this bleak remoteness that the politics of personality occurs, an emphasis which is a central mode of obscuring the real forces at work in society and a considerable contribution to the domestication of subject populations. Since in the long run personalization explains nothing, that domestication can and frequently does become sullen and resentful.

At the same time, the technocrats are at the apex of the most rapidly expanding group in the industrial labor force: the technical intelligentsia, composed of minor administrators, technicians, semi-professionals, intermediate state functionaries, teachers, mass communicators, and others like them. Without these, the routine work of the large public and private bureaucracies would be impossible.

The technical intelligentsia has an ambiguous relationship to the centers of power in society. Close enough to power to participate in the pickings, remote enough to be subordinated to it, the technical intelligentsia has as yet to develop a full consciousness of its own indispensability to the industrial system. Its unstable political disposition testifies to this ambiguity, which is rooted in the occupational contradiction experienced by most persons in the category. As individuals, their career chances depend upon the favors of their superiors; as members of the group, their interests and those of their superiors frequently conflict.

The vulnerabilities of a system of this kind are at this historical moment somewhat closer to the surface of events. In the first place, the system's chief claim to legitimacy is its sheer weight and factuality: it must be right, because it is there and it works. Insofar as it does not work, legitimacy can erode rapidly. Guerrillalike challenges to the system may well provoke violently repressive reactions on the part of large numbers whose psychological security depends upon believing what they are told. They may also produce chain reactions of discontent, by showing that the system can be disrupted with ease. Before the guerrillas can be recruited, however, a number of other processes have to intensify.

It has seemed recently that they have begun to do so. Disillusionment with parliamentary government is widespread in Western Europe, and faith in the legislative process cannot be said to be very high in this country. Indeed,

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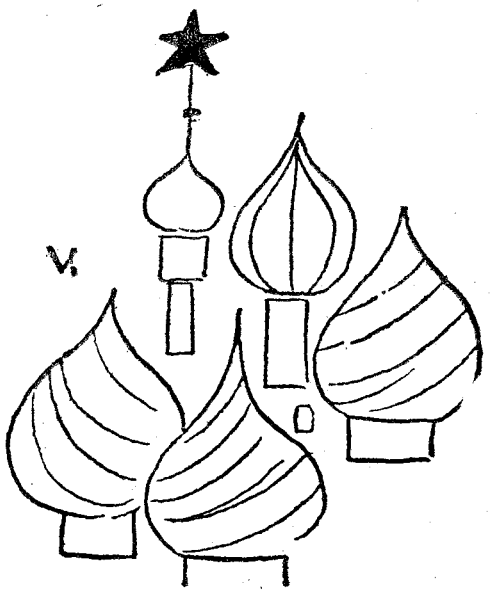
the probity of government itself is widely in question. A growing general conviction that politics is a racket may constitute a beginning point for critical reflection on the distinction between a true politics and a politics that is merely paid for. The evidence from the Communist nations suggests that official corruption in all of its forms, from outright theft to the peddling of influence and the more shadowy area of nepotism, is a continual irritant to populations constantly called upon to excel themselves in conformity to a new morality. These events apart, the unrepresentative effect of current systems of political representation has been increasingly felt by modern populations. Politics has indeed become professionalized, but it is a profession whose practitioners are curiously unable to satisfy their nominal clients.

The remoteness and opaqueness of many of the processes essential to the governing of modern societies has been a constant theme of social interpretation. Much has been written of "alienation," of "depersonalization," of the loss of a sense of true community. These analyses were and are invariably joined to an insistence that bureaucracy is here to stay, and carry a covert assumption: that modern populations would show more wisdom in collaborating with a rule of this sort than in combating it.

What has happened recently shows that resistance to bureaucratization may take quite varied forms. For one thing, the technicians may be called to account. For another, opaqueness and remoteness may be refused: the demand for openness, that decisions regarding important social questions be not only publicly questioned but made publicly, is the beginning of an attack on bureaucratization whose end is difficult to foresee.

III

The industrial societies, then, have been structurally vulnerable for rather a long period. How can we explain the relatively sudden realization of their potential fragility? At first thought it may seem that the revolt of the Third World against imperialism could have had only indirect effects on the internal stability of the advanced societies; but upon reflection, these may have been more direct than we realized. Within the past dozen years, imperialist wars have bitterly divided Britain, France and our own country. In Britain, the Suez episode of 1956 engendered neither civil disobedience nor governmental counter-repression; nevertheless, large numbers, among the educated in particular, did doubt the legitimacy of the Eden government because of its attack on Egypt. Staid organs of liberal opinion demanded its instant eviction from office in terms devoid of British restraint. The episode was brief but it also marked the beginning of the political disaffection of middle-class youth, subsequently expressed in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the campaign against apartheid in Africa. In France the Algerian War brought the fall of the Fourth Republic, the continuing conspiracy against the Fifth Republic by some of its original founders (including a part of the army), and support for the Algerian revolution from large numbers of intellectuals. The erosion of legitimacy in our country on account of the continuation of the Vietnamese War



hardly requires demonstration. It is useful to recall that it confirmed many of the American intellectual elite in their worst apprehensions about their country.

The Soviet Union, too, has had its imperial disasters. The Yugoslav heresy, the German rising, Polish revisionism, the Hungarian Revolution, Romanian independence, and now the Czech reforms constitute a chain of challenges to the Soviet Union which have had cumulative effects on the Soviet population—particularly on the intellectual and political elite. The economic and social gains of the Soviet population are impressive, but it remains a question whether, in the present crisis of legitimacy, some Russians may not see the Chinese model as offering hopes of a renascence of revolutionary ardor and efficacy, a new route to the old goals of the revolution.

It is striking that, East and West, the vulnerability of power is greatest where it is in visible disaccord with its own professed ideals. Criticism, dissent, resistance and revolution legitimate themselves by measuring the existing institutions against acknowledged social values. The anti-institutional campaigns launched in this way, however, seem to produce their own values in a process intended by no one but which has enlarged (sometimes vertiginously) our historical experience. Consider the emergence of the movement for Black Power in the United States, and its cultural component, the demand for a recognition of the integrity, distinctiveness and excellence of Afro-American culture. The civil rights movement began with an ideology in part of Christian brotherhood, in part of American natural rights. The demand for integration took at face value the claims of the American political community. The idea of Black Power is in part a recognition that, for other ethnic groups, integration in that community has been a matter of integration as a group, not by the acceptance of its members as individual Americans. It has, however, departed from the normal discourse of American politics and sought justification not only in the interests of the American black population but in defining these through the lens of a new conception of

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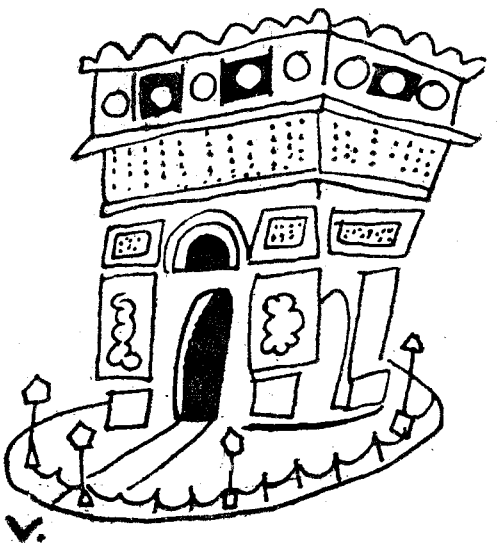
Afro-American culture. The conception is not entirely new; it is a particular version of doctrines of negritude developed by African intellectuals (chiefly in Paris) as a result of their encounter with European culture. The shift of opinions and tactics in the American Negro movement also reflects a conflict of generations. We have now to inquire into this conflict, the most profound expression to date of the general crisis.

IV

It seems only yesterday that David Riesman was describing the "found generation" in the American colleges: matter of fact, devoid of ideological enthusiasm or even political interest, concerned with personal relations and, above all, with individual careers, eager to move from campus to corporation and suburb. The German sociologist Helmut Schelsky found not dissimilar phenomena in his own country, and wrote a treatise on the "skeptical generation." The New Wave of French films included a depiction of Parisian youth, *Les Tricheurs*, which showed them with the same preoccupations: a privatized style of life. The respected Polish sociologist Jan Szepanski studied the children of workers and peasants in universities, and



came to the conclusion that they were more interested in advancing themselves in society than in the advance of Socialist society.

Conflicts of generation and youth movements, many with important student components, are not new. The outstanding novelties of the present situation, however, are three: the rapidity with which it has developed and is developing; its international and indeed intercontinental character; its rough ideological texture and cultural innovation. This last is attached, alas, to an often indiscriminate rejection by the young of everything they could inherit (a tendency especially pronounced in the most ahistoric of historical societies, our own).

When the New Left in this country and in Germany was still limited to small numbers of especially critical students, a mass movement of cultural innovation had begun among working-class and lower-middle-class youth elsewhere in Europe. The emergence of groups of Pop artists, of self-entertainment among the young, altered the pattern of commercial exploitation of the popular arts. For once, these were made by the people (or some of them) rather than for them; absolute domination of this cultural market by the sellers changed into a frantic pursuit of the new tastes of new buyers. This movement spread to different class levels; the Beatles in England; the young *chansonniers* like Antoine in France; the folk singers like Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in America, had this in common: they spoke not alone of immediate and private concerns, but gave these general accents. They dealt with parents, with bosses, with the atomic bomb, with politicians. The increasing political awareness of the Beatles (some of whose early work was cretinous) is perhaps symptomatic of a larger tendency. For once, mass culture had as its content neither total escape from routine nor an ignoble capitulation to it but a modicum of criticism of it. In brief, the student revolt was anticipated in somewhat less intellectual groups.

A list of recent student revolts reads like an international directory of institutions of higher education. In these uprisings, political and educational revolt were and are difficult to distinguish. Indeed, it is a question whether the distinction between political and educational revolt is really tenable. Consider, to begin with, the recent crisis of higher education. Originally designed for a relatively small elite to be educated as future professionals, scholars, teachers and higher civil servants, the universities everywhere have had thrust upon them a multiplicity of functions: pure and applied research in the most varied fields, from physics to public health; the supply of expertise, as well as experts, to government and economy; the training of the new technical intelligentsia. All of this has had to be mastered by overworked (and often uninterested) teaching staffs, working within academic structures and programs designed for age classes sometimes one-third the size of the present entering classes and, in any case, formerly recruited to the universities almost entirely from culturally homogeneous bourgeois families.

Over-administered, over-organized, over-specialized, the large American universities are monuments to the simple credulity of academic Pooh Bahs who have believed that the repeated addition of divisions and functions would in the end add up to a new educational whole. What has emerged instead is a formless and inchoate training ground for a number of occupations, high and middle. Some Europeans admire the image of a university system perfectly adapted to the future requirements of manpower supply, and this is indeed an ideal congenial to many educational planners in this and other countries. (The German province of Baden-Württemberg has recently developed a plan for higher education which reads like the California Master Plan, translated into Swabian.) The difficulties with this conception are two. First, manpower training for this or the next decade will educate a generation quite unable to understand the decade after next. Second, the most articulate of the young want not training but an education, an opportunity to understand the implications for personal

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choice of the present requirements of culture. The modern American university denies, explicitly, that education in this sense is possible; its European sisters suppose that it is—as long as culture can be stopped at about 1918, or (in more contemporary cases) 1939.

An outraged sense of relevance, an unfulfilled demand for moral significance, are at the bottom of the educational revolt—even if the students' conceptions of the changed university are often proof in themselves that the education they have received until now is entirely defective. To these sources of university protest must be added, of course, the familiar catalogue of academic pathologies: the absurd belief that in a period of the decomposition of parental authority, the universities can assume functions long since abandoned in despair by the real parents; the obsolescence of pedagogic technique on both continents; the generalized arbitrariness of university government. Finally, the association of the universities with the ruling elites, East and West, has made them accomplices of domination, and this willing collaboration seems to the young a form of political choice as transparent as it is abhorrent.

It is clear that I have been discussing the *avant-garde* in the universities—but one of the characteristics of periods of rapid cultural transition is that the *avant-garde* suddenly finds itself with large publics. Tens of thousands of students everywhere (millions in this country) go soddenly ahead with routine, but the *avant-garde* has within a decade succeeded in rendering the notion of academic routine suspect. It has done so by a relatively simple technique, and with the indispensable assistance of the constituted powers: a minimum of disturbance has been relied upon, with unerring insight, to produce a maximum of repression. Once used, the repressive apparatus may or may not be clothed again in the garb of civility, but the demonstration will nevertheless have been successful. Pedagogic rhetoric, public service ideology, technological busy work: behind these from now on can be seen the policeman's club.

The student *avant-garde* is especially attracted to political activity in new forms. Maoism's ostensible refusal of compromise with the bourgeois enemy is no doubt a cause of its popularity among the European students, but they are profoundly drawn by the notion that routine itself is reactionary, that only the permanent and all-pervasive revolution can prevent a lapse into the rigidity they see as the ineluctable result of organization. The same traits mark the American SDS and account for its ineffectuality as a national organization but its potency on specific campuses. (Even the German SDS, contrary to national political character, has been touched by this tendency.) The international political character of the libertarianism of the student protest movement suggests one of its meanings: it is an expression of the students' rejection of the bureaucratic careers for which their education has been preparing them. It is at this point that the students revolt against society and the student revolt against the universities have become one.

Initially, this analysis would seem not to apply to the students in the Communist societies, or to apply only very generally. It is no doubt true that some of their protest stems from the conviction that their societies are insufficiently open to the technical or even technocratic direction so indignantly repudiated by their Western counterparts. But even in the West, it should be recalled, some student protest has this component: many student revolutionaries are studying disciplines like sociology whose practical application at present is narrowly circumscribed and entirely contained by the existing institutions of command and control. The students want jobs, but they want meaningful ones. If the Western students regard the State Socialist societies as nothing but another variant of bureaucratic domination, the Eastern ones do envy their Western contemporaries their relative freedom of organization and expression. As different as the particular circumstances of State Socialist society may be, some of the fundamental causes of the Western student revolt operate in the Communist nations as well: anger and contempt at the moral pettiness of the fathers, expressed by a new generation of sons; dismay at the flagrant contradiction between the liberating perspectives of Communist ideology and the constricting grayness of Communist routine.

Protest at an increasingly inhuman and mechanical world; a new cultural Ludditism, in which the workers seek to destroy the new means of production, the universities; the crystallization of a new political *avant-garde* among the bearers of a new global consciousness; an anticipatory strike by the most indispensable element in the future labor force, the technical intelligentsia of tomorrow—these are the possible interpretations of the student revolt. All are true to some degree, but in the particular interplay of national, academic and political traditions and generational discontent which marks each separate student revolt, one or another of these themes may become salient. For the moment, we may say that the offspring of industrial society's elite and its technical intelligentsia have denied the legitimacy as well as the efficacy of the educational process to which they have been subjected. They have moved from dissent and disobedience to organized revolt. In so doing, they have not hesitated to extend their campaign to the central political institutions of their societies.

V

To what extent is the student movement likely to be followed by others? That the American under class should violently reject the legitimacy of a political community which has visited upon it humiliation and poverty is not surprising; it now seems surprising only that it waited so long. The initial demands and gains of the civil rights movement both raised the expectations of the under class and taught it something about the vulnerabilities of the society. As half-measures, belated concessions, delay and repression met its further demands and demonstrations, the society's vulnerability increased. In the gradual destruction of that self-congratulation which for so long served America as a substitute for a theory and practice of community, groups other than the Negroes began to make their demands heard, if not felt. Mexicans, Indians, the poor in the Appalachians, Puerto Ricans, the aged, the white poor generally, became restive and often militant. The im-

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possible seems to be happening: a coalition of the global under class in the Third World with the most exploited and neglected groups in the world's most powerful imperialist power.

But the disruptive and negative force of these American groups seems greater than their positive political capacity to remake American society; for this they need allies. So far, their allies have come from middle-class youth, and from a limited segment of that youth. Whether other groups in the great intermediate reaches of the American social structure can be mobilized to change the society seems doubtful, but the issue is by no means as foreclosed as it was a decade ago. The astonishing resonance of the housewives' purchasing strike, some time ago, suggests an untapped reservoir of discontent. Most middle-class males, in the meantime, are relatively quiescent. Most, however, work for large public or private bureaucracies, and it is significant that this is not alone the fastest growing segment of the labor force but the sector in which unionization is advancing most rapidly. The example of the schoolteachers to date is the most conspicuous, and if the spectacle of IBM's technicians occupying IBM's factories and research facilities as yet appears remote, it is not entirely unthinkable.

It is at this point that the theory of student revolt as an anticipatory strike by a critical segment of the future labor force offers hope for the future. In the Communist societies, the technical intelligentsia is restive and angry at dogmatic controls on the utilization of their technical competence. The equivalent of these controls, in the Western societies, is the primacy of market considerations over the rational possibilities of technology. It remains, of course, for those who do the work in the technologically intensive industries to recognize the connections between their sub-ordination on the job and their deprivations as citizens.

The implantation of what is, in effect, the Socialist tradition into the technical intelligentsia (and into the elite) seems unlikely when it remains partly dormant in the working class. Yet European socialism in its prosperous periods depended upon the most skilled and best paid groups in the working class, and American union militancy has manifested a somewhat similar pattern. As the composition of the labor force changes, the technical intelligentsia may be thought of as its vanguard (if a remarkably well-paid vanguard). However, the available evidence to date for a structural change in the opinion and political comportment of the technical intelligentsia is highly fragmentary.

The participation of the working class in the general movement of dissent varies from society to society. In America, the organized working class has confined itself to the usual sorts of union campaign. In Germany, the unions were hostile to the student demonstrations which followed the attempted assassination of Rudi Dutschke. In France, however, the students' battle with the police won the sympathy of the workers—and the leaders of the unions and of the parties of the Left had to struggle to obtain command of a movement whose spontaneity obviously both surprised and discomfited them. The practically explicit collaboration between the regime and the Communist party in maintaining the Fifth Republic served to strengthen the conviction of many French students that the old Left is not a force for change. To what extent this conviction will spread to the younger workers it is not yet possible to say. The continuing militancy of the rank and file in the traditional centers of French unionism (automobiles, for instance) has been joined by the extremely radical position of the Left Catholic unions, strong in the technologically advanced industries. In entirely different circumstances, the Polish party has mobilized a certain amount of working-class opposition to dissident students, who are portrayed as anti-national and as seeking special advantages. Appeals of this sort in the factories by the Novotny faction failed in Czechoslovakia.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of events in the past months has been neither the student revolt nor working-class protest, but the seizure in France and Czechoslovakia of bureaucratic institutions by their highly dedicated personnel. I have said that evidence for change in the fundamental political attitudes of the intelligentsia remains fragmentary; here is some which suggests that the battle for self-determination and participation in the work place has been joined by part of the advanced labor force in nations which exemplify neo-capitalism on the one hand and neo-communism on the other.

For the rest, if the currents I have described are increasingly visible on the surface of events, the response of those threatened by the present decomposition of power may well retard, distort or block the libertarian goals. It

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is easy enough to identify those whose interests are threatened: the imperial and party elites entrenched in the state apparatus, East and West; the rulers of large-scale property and the great bureaucratic patrons; the millions whose large prejudices and small security are menaced by any radical prospect of change in an order which has brought them a modicum, however modest or even derisory, of reward.

It should not be thought that the efforts of those in command of the present system are entirely devoted to repressing those who seek to replace them. Rather, the more prescient and supple of our rulers have attempted less to stem the tide than to canalize it. The recent espousal of the doctrines of "participatory democracy" by so unlikely a convert to New Left thought as Charles de Gaulle attests not alone his instinct for new historical forces but the supreme artistry of the epoch's most gifted technician of power when faced with the prospect of losing his own. If America has 40 million poor, their conversion into 40 million new customers is in fact an urgent priority. In the Communist societies, the recent disturbances in Belgrade University suggest that what but two decades ago was innovation has by now become rigidity. [See "Tito Digs the Students" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation,* July 22.]

If, however, sufficient numbers in important sectors of society feel psychologically threatened by the new dimension of politics, a repressive consolidation of existing institutions may attract considerable mass support. The Gaullist counter-demonstrations in the French cities, the electoral rhetoric and success of the Republican right wing in this country, the rise of the National Democratic Party in Western Germany, the emergence of a very ugly domestic racism in Britain, are phenomena each of which fits into distinctive national political traditions. The disorder attendant upon change, the absence of communication between dissident groups and those frozen in their positions by fear as well as by rational self-interest, the inability of large groups in the advanced societies to comprehend the inner structure of events or their own ultimate interest, are effective components in a movement of recoil which may yet brake or stop the attack on the present distribution of power. These elements of reaction are entirely visible in the Communist societies as well, where national chauvinism, the envy of the negatively privileged, and a despairing effort to avoid further convulsions are factors in popular adherence to campaigns against cosmopolitan intellectuals who manifest abstract and universal ideas of freedom.

Whether reason will find new historical forms is still unclear. What is clear is that the existing powers can no longer claim to incorporate reason. Indeed, we may interpret the political experiments of those opposed to ossification in industrial society as a new form of the pursuit of reason. The changes induced in our lives by the productivity of industry, by science and its applications, by the extension (real and potential) of higher culture, by the emergence of a global society, can neither be contained nor mastered by our political and social traditions. The present outbreak of generational conflict may represent the beginning of a new form of permanent revolution in industrial society: the *avant-garde,* erratically and crudely, may have grasped the implications of our historical moment. It is the tragedy of revolutions that they establish new legitimacies and, usually, new tyrannies. Almost paralyzed, morally, by the recent efforts at a total integration of industrial society we now have to learn to live with a permanent process of disruption. In it, however, we may see our only chance to match our social practice to our human potential.

Discovering Spiro Agnew

RICHARD O'MARA
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Baltimore

When the Governor of Maryland confronted reporters at the Hilton Plaza Hotel at Miami Beach, shortly after being tapped by Richard Nixon, he remarked rather baldly that "Spiro Agnew is not a household name." Coming from anyone else an admission this obvious might be suspected of irony, but stating the obvious is Mr. Agnew's style. The Governor, 49, is stolid, with few curves or subtleties. He is a deep man, not in the intellectual sense but as a brooder. His favorite diversion is watching the Baltimore Colts on television.

The Baltimore reaction to Mr. Nixon's surprising choice was one of mirth. Baltimore is a Democratic town and even the least sagacious political strategist looked upon Agnew as a liability that would very probably cost Nixon the election.

This is not to say that the Governor is not popular or respected in Maryland. He is, though less so than when he took office, and the allegiance has shifted perceptibly to the right. This has occurred as Agnew has become better known to the public. Most Marylanders are by now aware of his limitations. He is a skilled administrator and organizer, but less than artful in the devices of politics. He keeps his own counsel, approaches the affairs of his state with seriousness, even gravity. He is strong minded and has been known to go against the advice of his closest aides. A case in point was his attack on moderate Negro leaders who had gathered at his request after the April rioting in Baltimore.

Governor Agnew scolded them for not denouncing the militants of their race, and for being unable to restrain their people after the militants had led them astray. More

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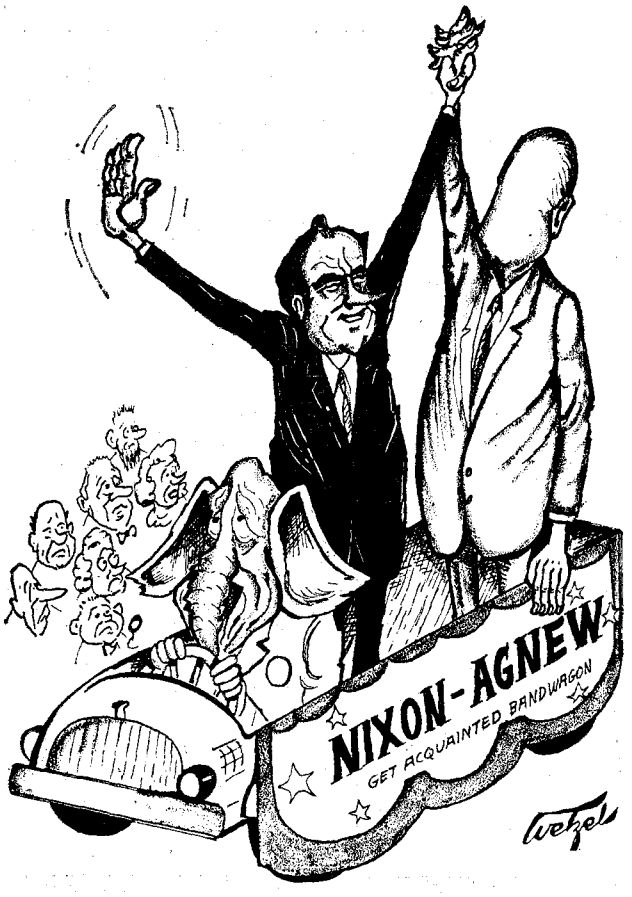

than one observer got the impression the Governor was blaming his visitors for the riot. The Negro leaders walked out while Agnew was still going on, and later condemned him as impulsive. The racist tag emerged shortly thereafter, as the shock of the Governor's attack soured into resentment. It has clung to him ever since.

But Governor Agnew is not impulsive. It was learned later that he had been formulating that speech weeks before the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. His aides had advised him to drop it, but he decided to speak his piece, even though the fires that had come to Baltimore put an even sharper edge on his words.

Spiro Theodore Agnew (his friends call him Ted) really began his political career in 1962, when he won election as executive of Baltimore County (before that he had served on the County Appeals Board and with a few local civic groups). The county is 75 per cent Democratic, a sprawling haven for white refugees from the Negroes of Baltimore, and a leafy retreat for right-thinking, middle-class liberals. Thus Agnew's reputation as a man who could draw a bipartisan vote was established in that election. He won because he managed to project himself as a reformer who could put an end to the barbershop politics of the Democratic machine which had controlled the county for so long. There was also at the time a split among the professional Democrats of the county, and that further boosted Agnew to the executive's office.

Agnew's county administration was unspectacular, as is everything else he does. He had hoped to ban pay-off pinball machines from the county, but Democratic opposition in the council blocked him. He also failed to rally enough support for the construction of several badly needed incinerators in the county, which like other areas in the great Northeastern megalopolis suffers from a disposal problem.

On the positive side, Agnew left his mark on Baltimore County by professionalizing the local civil service. He wiped out a lot of the more unsavory political sinecures and brought a more businesslike, if less flamboyant, style to the running of the county. He got a county-wide public accommodations law passed in 1963, and to his everlasting credit, he attempted along with then Republican Mayor Theodore McKeldin of Baltimore to move cautiously toward the still-distant dream of real cooperation between Baltimore City and Baltimore County. On this he was fiercely resisted by those suburbanites (the majority) who believe the city is a place for work, whose museums, stadium and theatres are there to be enjoyed, but whose aching problems are to be avoided at all cost.

Agnew won the governorship of Maryland in 1966 under conditions very much like those that gained him the county executive's office. He profited from a wide split in the Democratic ranks, this time on the state level.

George P. Mahoney had won the Democratic primary, beating out Carleton Sickles, a competent and liberal candidate from Prince Georges County. Mr. Mahoney is an office-seeking phenomenon in Maryland politics. At present he is running for the United States Senate, for the fourth time. He also ran four times for governor. He has yet to hold political office, elective or appointive. Mahoney is a tall, thin, lacquered-looking, gray-haired man, with a slight lisp, and a wet-fish handshake He is a wealthy contractor and a blatant racist. He tuned his whole campaign in 1966 to the slogan: "Your Home is Your Castle —Protect It." He is Maryland's George Wallace, but without fire and brimstone.

Alongside Mahoney, Spiro Agnew sparkled with wisdom and virtue—a fair-dealing, well-spoken man who supported civil rights and looked favorably on metropolitan government. He was elected mainly by Negroes and liberals, but even some conservatives were unable to stomach Mr. Mahoney.

As Governor, Agnew supported the progressive document produced by the Maryland Constitutional Convention, and with the rest of the liberal community, lamented profoundly its rejection by the electorate last May. His financial policy was the first thing to distress the people who had supported him for governor, or at least most of them. The budget he introduced into the General Assembly at the start of last year was tight—a "Republican budget," one observer called it—and painful because it called for sharp cuts in health and education funds.

The seeds of disillusionment sown at the time of the budget sprouted during a fracas at Bowie State College, a Negro liberal arts college midway between Baltimore and Washington. In early April, the students took over the college and demanded a meeting with the Governor. Their complaints, most people felt who listened to them, were legitimate, even if their tactics were dubious. Bowie

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had been allowed to run down; the buildings were in terrible shape, and the faculty not much better. But Agnew thought he saw a threat to his authority, and he responded by closing Bowie. Later he ordered a group of Negro students arrested when they came to Annapolis to meet with him. What upset most people was that he ordered the students hauled away at a moment when he was just across the street from the Statehouse. He could easily have walked over and talked with the young people, especially since he professed to sympathize with their complaints.

After that, to the sorrow of most Negroes and liberals, and to the joy of most conservatives and reactionaries, Governor Agnew's political coloration seemed to change. The attack on the Negro moderates soon followed, then he dismissed the gun-control measures in Congress as the product of "fuzzy thinking." His argument against tighter gun controls contained an exotic note. Banning all guns (which no one had suggested), the Governor said, would not put an end to killing. He spoke of how some people are skilled at knife throwing, or constructing bombs, and then lectured briefly on those "people, as I mentioned, an African tribe, that shoot little darts through a blowgun very accurately."

Governor Agnew's criticism of the Kerner Commission's report on civil disorders was, in the minds of many, his final commitment to the Right. Since then he has reiterated his belief that looters should be shot down by the police.

The selection of Agnew as Nixon's running mate surprised and amused a large number of Democrats. Probably just as many Republicans were at least surprised. There are two major complaints against his candidacy: that he was picked only because he was acceptable to the South; and that he is unknown. But one can imagine that these may not look like objections to Nixon. His strategy this time is fairly clearly aimed at winning the South away from Mr. Wallace. And the running mate's relative obscurity may be viewed in the Nixon camp as more of an advantage than a drawback.

Most of the other men considered for the second spot on the ticket—for example, Senators Hatfield and Percy, Mayor Lindsay—were well-known Northern liberals, anathema to the South. Despite his recent veer to the right, Agnew's image is still not clearly defined, and with a little public relations work can be molded to suit the occasion and audience. For Northern consumption, his liberal background could be stressed; the later acts and attitudes could be mentioned in the South. Because Annapolis is not far from Baltimore, Agnew has already been described as an expert on urban affairs.

Whether this strategy will succeed is, of course, uncertain. Agnew will be under national scrutiny from now on, and everything he has done, and will do, will be seized upon for exploitation by the Democrats. Already a group of Negroes in Maryland have organized to defeat the Nixon-Agnew ticket by trying to tell their version of the Agnew story outside of Maryland. Their tale will not be unbiased.

It is probably unjust to characterize Spiro Agnew as a racist. He is honestly disturbed by the "breakdown of law and order," and when he uses that expression he means it literally, not as a code phrase designed to stir up anti-Negro feeling.

Actually his hard line in the governor's mansion should not have been a surprise. As county executive he never had to deal with problems of great magnitude. It was not a new Ted Agnew who railed against looters, against moderate Negroes, against gun controls. He had just never before been in a position that required him to discuss such problems.

If Agnew is not a racist but merely a conservative Republican, he is also decidedly no expert on cities. As executive of Baltimore County he presided over what could be described as a toy government when it is compared to running the city itself. The county dispenses few services and concerns itself mainly with paving a few roads and providing a minimum in sewerage and disposal facilities. Although he approves of metropolitan government, in theory, Spiro Agnew approached the governorship with a suburban mentality. He would bring the same outlook to the Vice Presidency.

HOW MONGOLIA GETS ALONG

ALBERT AXELBANK

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In the cool, nicely sculptured Mongol capital of Ulan Bator, I was told: "If you want to see a Chinese face, go to the Chinese Embassy." It was true. On the streets you can see plenty of Russians, and if you look closely you will see Soviet soldiers moving about in closed trucks. Some of them are missile men. You will also see Czechs, Poles, East Germans, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Romanians—mostly technicians contributing "Socialist comradely assistance." But no Chinese. About 20,000 Chinese coolies who worked in Mongolia at the start of this decade have vanished. Peking withdrew them when Sino-Mongol relations began to freeze. But the Chinese left a legacy of fine architectural achievements. They put up the modern Hotel Ulan Bator and several stylish twelve-story skyscrapers. They also laid the railroad track running between Peking and Ulan Bator. The Chinese are very good builders.

Reliable reports say the Soviets recently placed mobile missile sites in the eastern or Buir Nor ("Black Lake") region of Mongolia, a largely desolate, uninhabited ter-

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Christian Science Monitor

rain where thousands died in mid-1939 when Japanese military forces in Manchukuo tested Russo-Mongolian strength. The Japanese were decisively beaten. Some analysts believe the missiles are aimed at China. But since home-based Soviet rockets can presumably reach every nook and corner of China, it seems more probable that these missiles are directed against American military installations in Asia, specifically in Okinawa and Japan.

There are a good many relevant facts to support this supposition: (*1*) The USSR has, for some years, been nervous about the U.S. nuclear stockpile on Okinawa, as well as about the frequent U.S.-Japanese naval exercises in the Sea of Japan, the B-52 strategic bombers flying into Okinawa, the U.S. nuclear subs entering Japanese ports and the American military build-up in South Korea—amid reports, mostly circulated in Japan and the United States, of the possibility of a "second Korean War." (*2*) The rockets reportedly placed in Mongolia, code-named "Scamp" and "Scrooge," have effective ranges that encompass Okinawa and Japan. The "Black Lake" region is 1,450 miles from Okinawa and 1,300 miles from Tokyo. (*3*) The Soviet missile presence in Mongolia was detected after the intensive American escalation of the war in Vietnam. (*4*) A Russo-Mongol military pact signed in early 1966—note the date!—allows the Russians to station Soviet troops in Mongolia.

Russian economic aid to the Mongolian People's Republic has been generous. The new military pact with the Soviet Union will tend to strengthen Russo-Mongol friendship, which is already described as "unbreakable." Not long ago, Mongolia's Premier, Yumzhagin Tsedenbal, revealed how his country looks at Russia and China. During an interview with a Japanese journalist, he said: "Mongolian relations with the Soviet Union are based on equality, mutual respect and mutual support." He also said that aid from the Kremlin is "one force" helping Mongolia construct socialism. But as to Sino-Mongol ties, Tsedenbal injected some "conditions," which included ". . . equality, mutual respect for political independence of the other, and noninterference in the internal affairs of the other while developing joint enterprises in all fields."

Mongolia is big, bigger than France, England and West Germany combined. But its population is small, smaller than that of the borough of Brooklyn. It lacks skilled labor. So it needs plenty of outside aid. Recently Tsedenbal, who is also First Secretary of the Central Committee of the People's Revolutionary (Communist) Party, explained why Mongolia accepts outside assistance. He spoke in one of those excessively explicit parables that seem integral to Communist political style: "If one has the power to carry only 70 kilograms but wishes to carry 120 kilograms, then one carries his maximum 70 kilograms and asks others to help carry the remaining 50. By doing that, it becomes possible to carry more in the same amount of time. Thus, it is possible to save time." He made a dig at China, saying that if China would pursue its development with aid from "brother Socialist nations," that country could get on with its development more rapidly.

Soviet aid to Ulan Bator since 1947 has reached more than 2 billion rubles in loans and grants, not including military equipment. By comparison, grants and loans from Peking have amounted to less than half a billion rubles, according to available statistics. The biggest portion of Russian economic aid to Mongolia was a 615-million ruble loan for the 1961-65 period. China had previously announced a 200-million ruble loan, so it appeared that the Russians were bent on outbidding the Chinese.

The progress of Mongolia in the past few years is striking. New industries, new roads, new apartment houses have been built. New schools and hospitals and theatres have been opened. A Frenchman visiting Mongolia fifty years ago remarked that: "At its present pace, Mongolia will need 1,500 years to catch up with the rest of civilization." In America, Japan and Western Europe, the best known Mongolists assert that recent progress in Mongolia has been extraordinary.

I was driven to Darkhan, the second largest industrial city. It is a remarkable "boom town," and I'm told I was perhaps the first non-Communist journalist to visit there. Darkhan has the best paved roads in Mongolia; a section of four-lane highway circles through it. New industries are popping up here and there. Six years ago less than 2,000 persons lived in Darkhan, and it was not even spotted on most government maps. Today it has more than 30,000 people and figures prominently in the fourth Five Year Economic and Cultural Development Plan for 1966-70.

A civic official who joined us on our tour of Darkhan said that the valley outside the city, where most of the industry is located, was once called the "Valley of God." He went on: "But in reality there was no god. All was empty and desolate." (In winter, the mercury drops to 50 below in the valley.) With a grin, he added that now there is a "god" in the valley—he called it the "god of people in action."

In this valley I saw a cement works, a thermal power station, a building materials factory, a meat processing plant—all brand new. Russians, Bulgarians, East Germans and Romanians are helping build these new industries.

Before leaving the country, I squeezed in a visit to a textile mill in Ulan Bator. Its equipment is British, bearing

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such names as "Prince Smith and Stells Ltd." and "Thomas Holt Ltd." But all of the engineers are Mongols, including several women technicians. Various slogans were painted on the walls such as "Use every minute to make progress," and "No pains—no gains." I thought them good slogans for a developing country.

This mill produces mostly material for clothes. Each month it manufactures 80,000 yards and exports about 40 per cent of it to other Socialist nations. I saw 30,000 yards of wool covers which were to be sent to Hanoi as a gift. The average wage is 500 tugrik a month (about $100). Of course, as in most Socialist states, rents are low. The mill is closed on Sundays.

The Mongols are giving more and more attention to improving their culture. In recent years, a National Theatre for opera and ballet, a symphony orchestra, a folk instruments orchestra and youth chorus groups have been established. Classical works from abroad are often shown. Shakespeare's *Othello* is popular, but so are works by Molière, Goldoni, Lope de Vega, Gogol and Chekhov. At the National Theatre I watched a beautifully staged performance of the Mongol opera, *Among Three Mountains of Sorrow*. The audience included many Mongol soldiers and their wives or girl friends. The music, in the pentatonic scale, was played by an all-female orchestra.

Diplomatically, Mongolia is of course close to the Soviet Union, but the Kremlin doesn't run Mongolia's foreign policy and it is silly as well as offensive to call the country a "Soviet puppet." How many countries today are truly "independent"? Peking insists on scolding the Mongols both for siding with the Russians and for being "Titoist." As if to show independence of China, the Mongols recently entertained Tito, who had arrived nonstop from a state visit to Japan. But it is to be noted that Peking still maintains a full-fledged embassy in Ulan Bator.

France and Britain recognize Mongolia; America, Japan and Canada do not. Mongolia wants diplomatic relations with these countries and is refreshingly flexible enough to admit their nationals as visitors. Why Washington should persist in nonrecognition is a puzzle. Mongolia is a UN member and, curiously, America has no quarantine against U.S. citizens visiting there. Meanwhile, Mongolia gets along with such relations as it has and, according to most visitors from Japan and the West, gets along very well indeed.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

THE BATTLE FOR INTEGRITY

MARVIN SURKIN
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The expansion of cold-war-oriented research in the social sciences (and elsewhere) has produced a new alliance between the government and academia. Whether for military, business or managerial purposes, social sciences are being used as instruments for system maintenance at home and counterrevolution abroad. What Christopher Lasch calls "The Cultural Cold War" (*The Nation,* September 11, 1967) describes this highly controversial new alliance. Lasch emphasizes that, although academic freedom may have triumphed in America, intellectual independence or critical thinking has not necessarily followed. Rather, it is by now a commonplace that a large segment of the "knowledge industry" has become a trusted ally of the military-industrial complex and shares in a variety of ways the interests of American world power. Thus, it should no longer surprise anyone that the CIA and the Department of Defense have developed a serious and ever-tightening bond with the intellectual and academic community.

An example of this trend was made public in 1967 when it was disclosed that two top officials of the American Political Science Association (APSA) had CIA ties. (They still have them.) *The Nation* [editorial, "The Professor & the CIA," February 27, 1967] reported that Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, executive director, and Mr. Max Kampelman, treasurer, have served as president and vice president of Operations and Policy Research (OPR), a CIA recipient organization, since its formation in 1955. OPR is a nonprofit research organization set up to help the USIA distribute literature in the United States and abroad and to advise on the selection of books to be sponsored by the USIA. In addition to support from the USIA, OPR has received subsidies from such CIA conduits as the Sidney and Esther Rabb Charitable Foundation and the Pappas Charitable Trust of Boston. OPR can best be described as a "cold-war-oriented strategy organization." In short, top officials of a prestigious academic association with a membership of 16,000 political scientists have been simultaneously holding positions with an important CIA affiliate organization.

After the disclosures of Kirkpatrick and Kampelman's CIA connections, the APSA appointed an *ad hoc* committee to determine whether the independence and integrity of the Association had been compromised. This group reported that "the APSA has received no funds directly from any intelligence agency of the government, nor has it carried on any activities for any intelligence agency of the government." It acknowledged, however, that the APSA did receive funds *indirectly* from the CIA. The report stated: "The Association has received no funds indirectly from any intelligence agency of government, with one possible exception. The Asia Foundation stated on March 21, 1967, that it has been the recipient of money from foundations named as conduits for CIA funds. The APSA has received grants from the Asia Foun-

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dation . . . " Nevertheless, the committee decided to support Kirkpatrick and Kampelman, acknowledging "on behalf of the membership of the organization, the great services which both Kirkpatrick and Kampelman have rendered to the APSA . . . and our full confidence in the value of their future services."

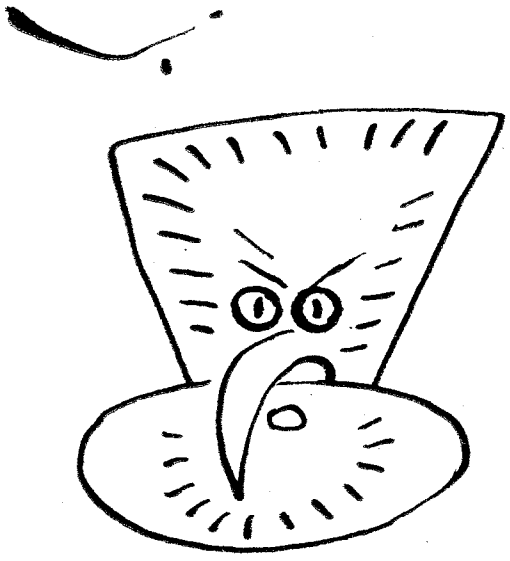
The committee's position indicated that as long as OPR was separate from the APSA, organizationally and in physical location, it was entirely permissible for Kirkpatrick and Kampelman to hold their influential posts in the APSA and work for OPR in their spare time.

A special committee of the APSA appointed to study professional standards and responsibilities took basically the same stand. In an interim report circulated to the membership and published in *Political Science* (Winter, 1968), this committee raised a variety of questions pertinent to the ethical conduct of political scientists. However, the report did not go beyond general statements on the nature of this complex problem, with several recommendations and the promise of a further, more comprehensive statement. It recommended that officers and employees of the APSA be free to participate in activities outside of the association "provided that such activities do not interfere with their duties and responsibilities to the Association." It also advised that sponsored research should include public statements of the sources of financial support. These recommendations, in effect, gave official sanction to Kirkpatrick and Kampelman and to other political scientists with similar involvements, with the one major proviso that greater public accounting be practiced. No attention was given to the nature or purpose of research, but only to who was paying the bills. The final report is due to be presented at the next convention of the Association this September in Washington and there have been some assurances from the committee that it will contain far more substance than did the first report.

By the time the Association's annual business meeting, held during the convention last September in Chicago, had voted down a motion to prohibit Kirkpatrick and Kampelman from holding both their OPR and APSA positions, the mood was ripe for some challenge within the APSA. It had been a typically dull convention, with no formal presentation of major issues such as the Vietnamese War or—after a summer of riots in the cities—the urban crisis. A spark was enough to bring a new, radical spirit into existence.

A meeting was called by two Harvard graduate students who wished to discuss their grievances. By the time the convention ended several more meetings had been held and a Caucus for a New Political Science (CNPS) was established with more than 200 members. The group was composed mostly of young liberals—graduate students and faculty—who had begun to feel estranged by the unwillingness of the APSA to take stands on issues of critical importance to the country and the world. After all, were they not *political* scientists? Also in attendance was a sprinkling of young radicals who were still breathing the tumultuous air of the National Conference for New Politics (NCNP), which had held its convention in Chicago only the week before.

What emerged was a general sentiment for reform directed at two related situations: the association's overprofessionalized make-up and general academic irrelevance; and its consistent failure to study, discuss or take stands on important social and political problems. Imbued with a "radically critical spirit," the Caucus resolved to "promote a concern . . . for our great social crises and a new and broader opportunity for us all to fulfill, as scholars, our obligations to society and to science," and "to stimulate research in areas of political science that are of critical importance and that have been thus far ignored." The Caucus has organized its own program to be held concurrently with the APSA annual convention this year. Called "American Democracy in Crisis," it will consist of eight panels and a plenary session. These will present and discuss the alternatives in the 1968 elections, the draft,



Vietnam and the patterns of American foreign policy, and new modes of radical political thought and action. The topic for the plenary session is "America's Political Resources for World Leadership." The Caucus is already assured of some measure of success by the cooperation it has received from the APSA, the support of many of the association's members, and the highly impressive array of scholars and activists who will participate.

The forces underlying the emergence of the CNPS can be related to the history of American political science and to what many political scientists would regard as a logical development leading to the present status of the discipline. In its early years, political science was largely concerned with making democracy work by teaching "good citizenship." Its task was seen as a descriptive study of existing institutions with a view to promoting their effective functioning. The chore given political scientists and other educators was to make sure that future citizens were supplied with the necessary "facts" to fulfill their responsibilities to the system. Thus democracy—constitutionalism, pluralism, "free enterprise"—was taken for granted and other systems were duly criticized.

This approach to political education—propaganda in

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many cases—was widely accepted in the period before World War II and became intensified in the McCarthy period. It reached its culmination with the "end of ideology" literature of Daniel Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset, and others in the late fifties. For these ideologists of Establishment liberalism, the American system was not without shortcomings, but they held that democracy in America had basically been achieved and that the system was "operative." In Lipset's words, "democracy is not only or even primarily a means through which different groups can attain their ends or seek the good society; it is the good society itself in operation." According to this view, the main problem for American democracy was to make the going concern more functional; the system itself, or its social structures and political institutions, went largely unquestioned. These writers generally preferred to replace social criticism with social conformism; thus they called for a moratorium on political ideas, which they thought had been exhausted in the fifties and turned into rhetoric —ideology. Instead, they hoped to encourage Americans to get on with the work of perfecting the good society, and they expected to do so by attempting to shield that society from radical or utopian ideas, or structural social criticism.

A further step in the development of an apolitical approach, committed to a neutral "science" rather than to social criticism, emerged after the war with the behavioral shift in the social sciences. Behavioral political scientists have concentrated on the mechanics of politics, the politics of who gets what, when and how. But in their effort to make social science value-free, they have had to neutralize the larger issues of political and social goals. They have been more concerned with describing how the system works than explaining its structural weaknesses. They have been saddled with mathematical models, computers and game theory, but have thus far failed to explain poverty in America, international conflict or the spread of violence in the world. They have devised theories of political development for the new nations, while many of these nations tend to get poorer. They have developed theories of conflict resolution, but the seeds of revolution in many parts of the world continue to sprout. (The excessive scientism of political science moved one political scientist in a recent letter to *The American Political Science Review*, the journal of the APSA, to comment that he had found in a particular issue of the journal only one article "that does not read as though written with the aid of a computer; or in some cases, actually written by a computer itself." He suggested that the APSA have two journals, one devoted to political science and the other to be called American Computer Fondlers' Review.)

Perhaps the most candid statement of the new role of social scientists as law-and-order experts and guardians of the *status quo* was made by a political scientist who described the function of social scientists as the trainers of the new mandarins of the 20th century in the same way that the humanities trained the mandarins of the past. In his view, "the only hope for humane government in the future is through the extensive use of the social sciences by government." In order to carry out this function of the social sciences, "the CIA, as its name implies, should be the central social research organization to enable the Federal government to understand the societies and cultures of the world." In short, not only should the social sciences serve the interests of the state but this role should be increased and centralized. If such a development were fully realized, the movement from political education to propaganda and from propaganda to manipulation and control would be all but complete. The understanding of societies and cultures would then mean their manipulation and control; and humane government would then mean total government.

This new bond between the social sciences and the military and intelligence agencies of government is made evident in a recent, "confidential" document entitled "Report of the Panel on Defense Social and Behavioral Sciences," which grew out of a meeting of the Defense Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. The meeting brought together numerous social scientists, most of whom have university affiliations, to discuss the new demands of defense. According to I. L. Horowitz (*Trans-Action*, May, 1968), the main purpose of the meeting was to determine which social science research could be of most use to the Department of Defense.

Though there are many signs that this ominous trend is accelerating, some recent attempts have also been made to "reform" the social sciences or to offer alternative approaches to research, education and social responsibility. The CNPS ranks as a new effort to prod political scientists in that direction. But perhaps the most enlightening proposal was that recently put forward by the Center for Research on Conflict Resolution at the University of Michigan. It acknowledges that, having studied social and international conflict for eleven years with the most sophisticated tools of social inquiry, the Center has not succeeded in explaining the causes of violence and conflict. With great candor the proposal calls for a re-examination of existing social theory and prescribed methods of inquiry in order to promote radical thinking in the social sciences; that is, to promote a social science that moves beyond the self-imposed limits of existing theories and research.

It is precisely because of the general lack of such critical thinking that political science and related disciplines have been able to do highly professional research on an endless range of specialized topics without coming to grips with the most important problems of the day. It might be useful, as some political scientists have suggested, to adopt a code of ethics that would establish standards for research, with regard not only to its financing and sponsorship but also to its uses and purposes. But, above all, political scientists (and other social scientists) need to reconsider the meaning of objectivity in social science and their own social responsibility, and ask the extent to which government research, especially on the campus, serves those ends. What is evident from developments like the CNPS is that a significant segment of the academic community has become increasingly uneasy about the present state of affairs in their discipline, in their professional associations, and even in their own research. They have begun to look for new ways to be academically, as well as socially and politically, relevant.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Great Society Takes a Body Blow

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED. *By Fred J. Cook. Prentice-Hall. 282 pp. $5.95.*

SEAN CRONIN
Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Given different circumstances Fred Cook might have produced the most valuable political book of the year, packed as it is with information, comment and fine analysis. But much can happen between gestation and publication, and he was unlucky. Cook, who wrote his book before the end of 1967, can't be criticized for erring in the matter of Lyndon Johnson's future—but his references to George Romney, Hubert Humphrey and Robert Kennedy unfortunately seem rather dated.

The issues propounded in *What So Proudly We Hailed* haven't changed. Vietnam, the war on poverty and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society remain. Likewise the urban crisis with its education, jobs, health and housing problems. How *representative* and *democratic* representative democracy really is requires some examination. The generation and credibility gaps grow wider. Cook notes:

> The evidence is massive and undeniable that American society is being wracked by extremes—the extremes of affluence and special privilege and jet-set living on the one hand, of abysmal poverty and neglect and hopelessness on the other. In any society the tensions created by such extremes are explosive. In our own they are doubly so because, to economic inequality and injustice, there is added the vitriol of race prejudice and race hatred. We sit then on a powder keg, as the events of the summer of 1967 showed.

Take poverty. According to Cook some 35 million to 40 million Americans are classified as poor. They are concentrated in the South and in the big cities. Two-thirds of them are white. In affluent America one out of five children comes from a poor home; nearly 90 per cent do not finish high school and very few go to college. Ghetto tenements are infested by rats as big as cats; thousands of children are bitten every year. Food is expensive in the slums. The death rate is often twice that of suburbia.

"We have cleared areas of slums in the name of urban renewal, with little sense of what would become of those whose homes we leveled," said the late Sen. Robert Kennedy. ". . . We have provided health services in huge, unpleasant municipal hospitals—through emergency rooms and out-patient clinics where people wait for hours to see a doctor they have never seen before and are likely never to see again."

(It may be of interest to recall that Sen. Jacob Javits and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller rebuked Kennedy for his remarks. Javits was "disturbed" when Mitchell I. Ginsberg, Mayor Lindsay's Commissioner of Welfare, backed Kennedy's statement, telling Sen. Joseph Clark's subcommittee on poverty, employment and manpower that the national welfare system was "bankrupt." Kennedy had called it "degrading," saying it aided only a fourth of the poor and "forces men to leave their families so that public assistance can be obtained.")

Cook points out that to most influential Americans urban poverty is a closed book. He quotes Gerald Phillippe, chairman of General Electric, who with other industrial leaders went on a walking tour, led by Mayor Lindsay, of the Brownsville and East New York sections of Brooklyn last September: "Unbelievable! I have seen things like this in South America." The chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Gilbert W. Fitzhugh, added: "It makes you heartsick." But what has been done since to change the situation in which the inhabitants of Brownsville and East New York find themselves? Cook explains that old patterns of life are being altered dramatically, creating unprecedented problems of housing, education, jobs. But who understands the change?

Certainly not the lawmakers. Real power in Congress is wielded by committee chairmen in their late 60s, of Southern rural background, legislating for a young nation, median age 28. To such men change is anathema. They are totally divorced from the sordid realities of urban life. Senator's Clark's attack on the Senate establishment in 1963 is quoted by Cook:

> Though the Senate has been shaken by wars, deaths, the electorate, and other calamities, those in it dedicated to the preservation of the status quo in economic and property rights and to the past in human rights—that bipartisan conservative coalition which I have called the "Senate Establishment"—have still not given way to the new generation . . . . I believe that the Senate has become archaic, outmoded, obsolete as a meaningful democratic institution. If the Senate is to perform its constitutional role in the twentieth century, it must be changed to meet the needs of the twentieth century and made capable of responding to the problems of the twentieth century.

Tax laws abound in loopholes which the rich utilize for their further enrichment. President John F. Kennedy, shocked to discover that "some $40 billion in taxes annually dodged the Federal tax collector," failed in his bid to revoke the special privileges of the oil billionaires who do so well out of the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance. Last year, maximum investment tax credit provisions were raised for such industries as oil and gas, airlines and railroads—at a time when the President was seeking the 10 per cent income tax surcharge just enacted. Robert Kennedy often cited the case of the multimillionaire who had earned more than $1 million a year for the past fourteen years, yet paid no taxes. Notes Cook: ". . . we have created in this democracy a specially privileged, oligarchic class that is rapidly acquiring the power to twist the entire nation by the tail." To quote Kennedy again:

> In 1965, 35 people in this country who earned over $500,000 paid no tax at all. In a recent year one man whose net worth is $1.5 billion, paid only $685 in taxes. Another whose income was more than $20 million paid no taxes at all.

A separate question is where the taxes go. One billion dollars for the development of a supersonic jet transport; $3 billion to land a man on the moon; $30 billion for the war in Vietnam—out of total defense spending of $70.3 billion. Human needs must wait. "Something is obviously wrong with our system of national priorities," said Sen. Clifford P. Case. No wonder "people get cynical" and lose faith in society, said Whitney M. Young, Jr., the moderate civil rights leader.

The distrust has grown with the Vietnamese War, which Fred Cook says is being waged by "Presidential fiat." It lies at the root of Johnson's "credibility gap." Cook thinks the seeds of the disaster are to be found in the Truman Doctrine of March, 1947, involving the United States

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in far-flung global commitments, based on a simplistic view of world politics.

During 1967, says Cook, the climate of the nation changed. Today, military claims of victory have been discredited. America is ready "to follow new paths" and is awaiting "new leadership." The twenty-year-old dialogue of the cold war is "outmoded and irrelevant." The young are rebelling against the old order.

What now? Out of the discontent something must emerge to change the course of events. "Power politics have become irrelevant," writes Cook. "It cannot be played with success in the nuclear age, where the final item of force cannot be applied without blowing up the world." Men are trying to remake civilizations, as Walter Lippmann has noted, and it is not a good time for politicians.

Among the worthy politicians Cook picks John Lindsay of New York (Sen. Eugene McCarthy had not gone into orbit at the time he wrote the book) because he has a clear understanding of foreign and domestic issues. ". . . he was probably the first major politician in the country to draw the line by saying that we could not meet the needs of our cities if we persisted in fighting a $30-billion-a-year war in Vietnam." He has charm and wit. He has kept the largest city in the country "cool" through a couple of hot summers. He would be "the ideal Presidential candidate for his party in 1968, but almost certainly his party will not have him."

Fred Cook, as readers of *The Nation* would expect, has written a lively, provocative but, above all, a relevant book. His insight is sharp, his comment always to the point. He is a great one to prick bubble reputations and to explode myths. The Great Society has taken a body blow in this one.

The Mystery Unsolved

STEPHEN CRANE. *By R. W. Stallman. George Braziller. 664 pp. $12.50.*

JAMES F. LIGHT
Mr. Light is Bernhard Professor of English at the University of Bridgeport and is the author of books on Nathanael West and John William De Forest.

The first truly "modern" American writer, Stephen Crane in his brief life foreshadowed much of the direction of 20th-century literature. In *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* he used the techniques of naturalism, the philosophy of determinism, and his own contempt for cowardice and "respectability" to demonstrate, as he said, that "environment is a tremendous thing in the world and frequently shapes lives regardless. If one proves that theory, one makes room in heaven for all sorts of souls, notably an occasional street girl, who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people."

In his masterpiece, *The Red Badge of Courage*, he used the modes of impressionism in an attempt to capture psychological truths, and in so doing he altered the objective "reality" of nature in order to make it reflect the inward state of the mind. In the poems of *The Black Riders* he not only abandoned conventional modes of rhyme and meter but also foreshadowed the imagist movement —as, for instance, in that haunting poem of an absurd and purposeless universe, God created and God forgotten, in which "the ship of the world" floats "forever rudderless" upon the seas:

Going ridiculous voyages,
Making quaint progress,
Turning as with serious purpose
Before stupid winds.
And there were many in the sky
Who laughed at this thing.

Despite the modernity of his art (or perhaps because of it), despite the contemporary frame of his masterpiece, and despite the Bohemian unconventionality of his life, Crane attracted the attention of only two biographers in the first half of the 20th century. The first study was a graceful, perceptive and anecdotal attempt, relatively unconcerned with precise chronology, at a biographical work of art. Written by Thomas Beer, it was published in 1923, and in it Beer attempted to ennoble Crane by emphasizing Crane's kindness to others and by attacking the gossip and canards—most especially that Crane was a drunk and a drug addict—that surrounded him during his life.

In his attempt at purification, Beer, by his own admission, removed from Crane's letters some of his harsher judgments upon his contemporaries, and apparently Beer destroyed all of the letters which he quoted in his biography. Beer's amiable admission that "This book is probably filled with errors" has been proved to be truthful by later Crane scholars.

The second volume, a critico-biographical study, was published by the noted poet, John Berryman, in 1950. In it Berryman added some new facts, attempted to clarify what he called "the damnable early chronology," and strove to clarify Crane's life and work by drawing upon Freudian psychology. Berryman saw a recurrent pattern in Crane's life (the "rescue" of others, and the punishment of the "rescuer"), and that pattern he equated with Crane's obsessive desire to "rescue" the beloved, his mother, from the father whom he unconsciously had rejected.

Since 1950 there have been some perceptive critico-biographical studies of Crane (most notably Mr. Edwin Cady's volume, in which he insists that Crane "has been mutilated on the iron frame of many a Procrustean '-ist' when, as I see him, he remained an uncrystallized experimenter, a youthful pluralist.") The book, however, that many Crane scholars have been anticipating has been the definitive Crane biography. R. W. Stallman's study is undoubtedly intended to serve that purpose. It is long; it includes a gallery of fascinating photographs; and it comes from a scholar whose life has been devoted to the study of Crane. What is more, the lofty tone of the biography suggests the self-consciously definitive biographer at work. Constantly, Stallman is pointing out that various sources—most especially Berryman—"erred" or drew "ill-founded" conclusions; in one typical correction Stallman quarrels lengthily with Lillian Gilkes, the author of *Cora Crane*, and after his lecture has ended states ex cathedra: "And that settles that."

In presenting the life of Crane, Stallman gives the facts and chronology as clearly as possible, and in this lies the basic virtue of the biography. In thorough, even excessive, detail the report is given of Crane's Bohemian youth; his connections with such women as Dora Clark (whom he attempted to defend from apparent police persecution) and Cora Stewart (the proprietor of an exclusive "house of joy" who eventually became Crane's common-law wife); his well-nigh unbelievable bravery (a death wish?) as a reporter in Cuba; his financial folly in England as a pseudo-aristocrat of Brede Manor; his ceaseless hack work in an effort to remain solvent; and the agony of his last days after tuberculosis had riddled his lungs. Unfortunately, however, Stallman's prose is inordinately heavy, and he tends to quote lengthily from his sources, page after page, without illuminating them.

But what is an even more important defect, however, is the fact that Stallman seems to have no real attitude toward the ultimate nature of Crane the man, and even the vision Stallman and Gilkes reported in their edition of the Crane *Letters*, that Crane was an "irresponsible heel," is better than no vision at all. Because of this lack of psychological penetration, the mystery of Ste-

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phen Crane remains unsolved and largely unchallenged.

In addition to the life, Stallman attempts some analyses of the work of Crane. The most controversial of these will probably continue to be his reading of *The Red Badge of Courage*, an analysis that in part reproduces the argument of his article "Notes Toward an Analysis of *The Red Badge of Courage*" (first printed in 1951). The reading is a symbolic one, in which the novel becomes the story of Henry Fleming's salvation through change, through spiritual growth; and the most controversial aspect of the analysis is Stallman's insistence, at the death scene of Jim Conklin, that the line "the red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer" is ironically suggestive of "the sacrificial death celebrated in Communion and the Mass." Despite such simplistic critics as Philip Rahv (for whom "Mr. Stallman's farfetched religious exegesis is mere *Zeitgeist* palaver"), Stallman is probably more right than wrong in his analysis, but one does wish he were a little more aware that *The Red Badge* is, at least in part, a novel about social responsibility, and a little less prone to manipulate the text of the novel in making his points.

A simple illustration of the analytic misrepresentation that I object to is Stallman's report of how Jim Conklin announces at the beginning of *The Red Badge*, the rumor that the army is soon to break camp and march to war. Though Stallman no longer seems to insist, as his earlier "Notes" did, that the initials of Jim Conklin must imply Jesus Christ, his present analysis contends that the rumor that Jim brings "is the gospel truth but Henry is one of the doubting apostles." In writing such a sentence, Mr. Stallman is, of course, using words poetically—most especially "gospel" and "apostles"—to make an analytical point, for the words are not in the text and the "truth" that Jim brings might as justifiably be proclaimed "satanic" as "gospel." As a matter of fact, if Jim Conklin is now to be seen as a "devotee of a mad religion," as Stallman's analysis now seems to imply, and if, at Jim's death, "Henry Fleming curses the God of War who offers redemption through bloodshed," then the "gospel" truth which Conklin brings seems actually more "satanic" than "gospel." Perhaps, therefore, it might be wiser to avoid such connotative words in analysis and to see the message of Conklin as what it is: one of the innumerable rumors that abound in any war camp. This is, of course, not to say that the message could not be interpreted symbolically but only to insist that if it is to be so read, then the symbolism should be consistent and it should be justifiable from the language and images of Crane himself, and not from the poetic improvements of the critic.

Finally, Stallman gives a check list of writings by Stephen Crane, but lists only four works under "Writings on Stephen Crane." He justifies his omission by noting that a complete bibliography would make another book, and he directs the Crane scholar to his forthcoming bibliography on Stephen Crane. It is good to know that a definitive bibliography is on the way, but it does seem that a selective bibliography might have been provided. In that way such major Crane scholars as James T. Cox and Eric Solomon might have been included in Stallman's universe.

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From Here to Obscenity

THE END OF OBSCENITY. *By Charles Rembar. Random House. 528 pp. $8.95.*

IRVING YOUNGER

Mr. Younger is professor of law at New York University School of Law.

Sooner or later it becomes clear to nearly every person of copious education that there is no evidence to prove him anything but commonplace. His learning provides standards—Mozart, Keats, Newton, Lincoln, Vermeer, Brandeis—he finds it unbearable to apply to himself. The result, if he is young and unsettled, is apt to be rebellion. If he is comfortable in the world, the result will be authorship.

Imagine a clever and successful lawyer one dark day asking himself: "What have I accomplished? What do I amount to? Am I like everyone else?" His response is to pick something in his life that no one else has done and produce a book telling how he did it.

Charles Rembar's book is about his performance as lawyer for the publisher in a series of cases involving novels—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill*. Each lawsuit presented the question whether the book was legally obscene and the broader issue: what rule determines legal obscenity? Mr. Rembar adroitly won decisions that the books were not obscene. In addition, his arguments played a part in changing the rule on obscenity. In *United States* v. *Roth*, decided two years before Rembar entered the field with *Lady Chatterley*, the Supreme Court had set forth this rule:

> But implicit in the history of the First Amendment is the rejection of obscenity as utterly without redeeming social importance. . . . Obscene material is material which deals with sex in a manner appealing to prurient interest . . . . [The test is] whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest.

Then came Rembar's cases: *Lady Chatterley* in 1959, *Tropic of Cancer* in 1964, and finally, in 1966, *Fanny Hill* (properly denominated *A Book Named "John Cleland's Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure"* v. *Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*), in which the Supreme Court announced this rule:

> A book cannot be proscribed unless it is found to be *utterly* without redeeming social value. This is so even though the book is found to possess the requisite prurient appeal and to be patently offensive . . . the social value of the book can neither be weighed against nor canceled by its prurient appeal or patent offensiveness.

Rembar tells his story brightly and in enormous detail, leavening the narrative plentifully with quotations from briefs and court records. He organizes the material on Aristotle's sensible plan of a beginning, a middle and an end.

But where is the book's distinction? Apart from the good it does the author, why should it be on the market? Why should anyone read it?

Not for lubricity. There's none in it. Not for general knowledge. The cultivated person, concerned to keep up with obscenity and the law on obscenity, will discover that Rembar tells him rather more about less than he wishes to know. Not for professional information. The specialist is already familiar with most of the story and will not care about the rest, which consists of minutiae interesting to no one but Rembar.

Yet the topic is fertile. Read the rule laid down in *Roth* again. It speaks

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RAIN

It is a day of the earth's renewing without any man's doing or help.
Though I have fields I do not go out to work in them.
Though I have crops standing in rows I do not go out to look at them or gather what has ripened or hoe the weeds from the balks.
Though I have animals I stay dry in the house while they graze in the wet.
Though I have buildings they stand closed under their roofs.
Though I have fences they go without me.
My life stands in place, covered, like a hay rick or a mushroom.

WENDELL BERRY

RAINY DAY

So many objects cluttered
in one room. In one heart
the drum beats heavily.
The body's walls
shut out the light.
My attic voices cry
how they long
to be bells.

Somewhere in the house
children pretend
they are climbing Sierra Madre.
The laughter closes in.
One more door to their treasure,
while I sit helpless
in the small corner of discovery.

RUBY RIEMER

NIGHT RAIN

Fearing something's left outside, guilty that we're in,
we listen to the marching on the roof.
Turning like a herd of deer the river rises in fields of sleep.
The rain stings campfires, uncovers arrowheads,
and powerlines hum when wind
strokes water from the trees at dawn.

ROBERT MORGAN

RAINY SEASON

There is a hush
that gathers around
the leaky window frames;
stately air: birds
all under a leaf or a wing,
snails under stones;
squirrels and foxes asleep;
mosquitoes and bees
flown back to sources of sound;
the trees soaked brown.

Only woodsmoke stirred
from a nearby fire
moves and rises and waits.
Not clouds,—as clouds
in summer puff along horizons
in a rolling train—
but one spreading drift of mist
brings in the rain.

All day, all night, all week,
evenly sieved,
the sky descends, enormously
patient; not a crevice
and leaf are missed, but seep
with quietness.

Rain all night drips over
the roofs and windows,
making the sounds of the season
of lovers together
when fields have been planted,
the forests are silent,
and the rain keeps falling
like a native chant.

FREDA QUENNEVILLE

STILL FIELDS

(translation by Timothy Baland)

Still fields. A feeling of rain.
The earth wild and primitive as it was once before.
Sometimes the joyful sky gets tired of it all
above a thirsty shepherd.

When the rain calls, the dead turn uneasily.
The earth becomes a hole, stirred up, fragrant.
Trees that are ready for death give off
their last deep fragrances.

In the rain the voice of the clocks takes on
the immense age, the agony of the last hour.
They make us aware of the visible wounds, and those others
that bleed internally.

Everything grows deep, concentrated, personal.
Things beneath the rain-sign, as if already deep in the ground,
all seem to want
the final peace.

The rain is like mysterious drops of blood that you can see through.
I feel the dampness of the ground go through me,
it would like to keep me in the dark forever,
in the rain forever.

The sky is losing blood slowly out of wounds.
The green deepens the shadows under leaves.
The passion of the water makes the trunks and the bodies
lean more and more into darkness.

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ

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majesty. It means nothing. Read the *Fanny Hill* rule again. It seems to mean something. Perhaps that the First Amendment permits regulation only of "hard-core" pornography, which Justice Stewart cannot define "but I know it when I see it" (*Jacobellis* v. *Ohio*). Then how explain the *Ginzburg* case, decided the same day as *Fanny Hill*, wherein the Supreme Court affirmed a five-year jail sentence for the publisher of stuff no one has argued to be obscene under *Roth* or *Fanny Hill*? Is it possible that the decision as to obscenity turns on the palatability of the publisher?

Let's go further. Lawyers habitually conceive nothing as unfit food for law. Can it be that there are subjects the law should leave alone? The law sharpens ideas by drawing distinctions among them. Is the subject of obscenity suitable for this kind of refinement? If not, when judges treat it as if it were they can't help making a mess. Isn't Justice Black a good housekeeper as well as a good political philosopher when he argues that the First Amendment forbids the law to dirty its hands with obscenity?

Of these possibilities Rembar gives us not a word. Having concentrated so hard for so many years on what judges say about obscenity, he has come to take the legal system and his own role in it at face value. No doubt this enables him to do his day's work well. It does not mark him out from the rest of prosaic mankind, and it does not make him a writer.

Big Science, Big Money

THE POLITICS OF PURE SCIENCE. *By Daniel S. Greenberg. The New American Library. 303pp. $7.95.*

CARL DREHER

Greenberg is news editor of *Science*, the weekly magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; as everyone who has read his essays in the News and Comment Department knows, he is a lively writer. In this book he has confined himself to basic research, mainly in the "hard" sciences (physics, chemistry and engineering—but he ignores mathematics) and with particular emphasis on major projects, such as the World War II development of the atomic bomb, the grandiose Mohole failure, and high-energy accelerators ("atom smashers"). For all these, as for less ambitious research, money is needed and the fight for money is quite as bitter, if less vociferous, as for youth programs and slum clearance in the cities. Greenberg traces the allocation of funds from science's starvation status in the twenties, when Herbert Hoover was unable to raise $20 million from industry to assist basic research in the universities, to the present era of federal largess, when a single great accelerator may entail a capital investment of $250 million (not counting auxiliary equipment) to which must be added an annual operating cost of a fourth or third of the first cost. Nor is this the end of the line. In *Scientific Research* (March 18) S. J. Lindenbaum proposes a far-out accelerator which might cost as much as $20 billion, spread over a ten-year period, an enormous sum—but only two-thirds of the annual money cost of the Vietnamese War.

After describing the violent demise of the relatively modestly priced Fixed Field Alternating Gradient Synchrontron (FFAG) in the early days of the Johnson Administration, Greenberg concludes with a sharply worded lecture directed at the politicking science community, admonishing it to "calm down, and, if necessary, perhaps to impose its wondrously effective discipline on those who proclaim a state of crisis in basic research." The effects to date have not been striking. The FFAG episode, however, is one of the most interesting in the book, and revealing in respect to the techniques used by Lyndon B. Johnson in dealing with embattled scientists, and the cat's-paw role to which he chose to assign his science/technology adviser, Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner.

Since 1953, FFAG had been promoted by a consortium of fifteen Midwestern universities whose physical researchers were desirous of obtaining accelerators and associated equipment on the scale of those in operation, or planned, at Stanford and Brookhaven, which played somewhat the same role in their thinking as Wall Street and the gold standard did in the Populist revolts of the 19th century. MURA (Midwestern Universities Research Association) had been sustained precariously by grants from the National Science Foundation and the Atomic Energy Commission.

However, as plans for FFAG progressed, a critical point was reached where MURA had to get multimillion-dollar appropriations or lose its staff of physicists, design engineers and other help, numbering over 100. Beset by technical difficulties, a conflict with a rival accelerator project at the University of Chicago's Argonne National Laboratory, conflicting recommendations by high-level panels, and procrastination by President John F. Kennedy, MURA resorted to political action with the support of sixteen Midwestern Senators, led by Hubert H. Humphrey and William Proxmire. Under this pressure, President Kennedy might have given way, but death relieved him of this problem. Lyndon B. Johnson, intent on projecting an image of frugality as the federal budget approached the $100 billion mark, began turning out the lights in the White House.

Wiesner had confined himself to advising Kennedy on the scientific aspects of the controversy. He had intended to return to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the end of 1963 but Johnson persuaded him to stay on. He was needed, for, as Greenberg puts it, scarcely had Kennedy been laid to rest than the MURA partisans, now in a condition bordering on frenzy, put the screws on the unprepared successor. After submitting to briefings, Johnson instructed Wiesner to bring a small delegation of MURA representatives to the White House for discussions. The date set was Thursday, December 19. Wiesner was also instructed to prepare a memorandum stating, not the pros and cons of the MURA proposal as in the past but the cons only. Wiesner protested that his position was one of conditional support for MURA, but Johnson insisted. Wiesner wrote the one-sided memorandum, but appended a note restating his qualified support for MURA's FFAG.

An unaccountable mix-up followed. The interview with the three MURA representatives—Elvis J. Stahr, Jr., president of Indiana University, and two physicists—was put off for a day, but on Friday the President was also scheduled to meet a delegation of Midwestern legislators who wished to succor MURA. So when Wiesner, accompanied by Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, arrived in the anteroom of the President's office, he found not only Stahr and his associates but Senators Humphrey and Proxmire, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin and Rep. Melvin Price of Illinois. Leaving both groups in the anteroom, Wiesner went into Johnson's office and delivered the memorandum, with the qualifying note attached. A staff aide informed Johnson that the MURA group was to be followed by the Congressional delegation. Johnson said: "What the hell did you invite those Congressmen up here for?" Wiesner replied that he had not invited them and had known nothing about the second appointment. Johnson replied: "Well, goddamn it, somebody invited them." He added that he had planned to spend no more than twenty minutes with the MURA delegation.

After some further colloquy, Johnson

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directed that the two delegations be admitted together. The conference began with Johnson describing himself as "the only man in government who wants to save money and here are all these people who want to spend money." He pointed to the AEC chairman and, with complete irrelevance, said: "There's Glenn Seaborg. He wants to run a nuclear bomb WPA out in the state of Washington to get (Sen. Henry) "Scoop" Jackson reelected. . . . Seaborg wants to buy votes. Nobody ever had to buy projects in Texas to elect me. . . ." He said he was willing to support "anything that science needs" but that the American people wanted economy and he was not persuaded that the MURA accelerator was needed.

Stahr protested that it was needed and that all MURA was asking in the fiscal 1965 budget was $3.5 million for advanced design and architectural studies. Humphrey exclaimed, "Why, my God, the Midwest has been getting shortchanged." Wiesner denied this and while he was debating with Humphrey, Johnson interrupted with: "The twenty minutes are up. I've got a memo here that I'd like to read and you can tell me what you think of it." He read Wiesner's memo—without the qualifying note—"a prosecutor's case against MURA," Greenberg calls it—and in the confusion that followed left the room. The two delegations were ushered out. MURA was dead, and Wiesner was the scapegoat of Midwestern science for years thereafter.

The Presidential decision may have been right, but the circumstances leave a residue of unanswered questions. Was the scheduling of the two delegations arranged between them, with the aim of reinforcement of the scientists by the politicians? Was the mix-up the result of an inadvertence on the part of the President's appointments secretary? Or was it a Presidential maneuver to set Wiesner and the MURA sponsors by the ears and enable Mr. Johnson to kill an expensive project in which he saw no national or personal advantage? In any case, the manner of the extinction was pure Johnson.

Yet he, as well as MURA, was finally the loser. In a post-mortem letter to Humphrey he indicated that the primary factor in the decision was: "Given the scope of the investment we have made and will be making at Argonne, I found it impossible to justify starting another national laboratory close by. . . ." But the much costlier accelerator now in the works is to be located at Weston, Ill., 25 miles from Argonne.

This incident gives an idea of the politics of pure science at its worst. Greenberg, however, takes in a much larger scope and deals throughout with a difficulty that is not the fault of either scientists or politicians. The only way the scientists can carry on basic research is by following unpredictable leads, modifying the hypotheses with which they started, and changing the entire course of an experiment when necessary. For financing, however, they are dependent on another breed—the politicians. The necessities of science collide with the necessities of politics, in which expected costs and expected results are defined beforehand and appropriations are scaled accordingly.

The conflict is an old story. Vannevar Bush, the great scientist-engineer who directed the Office of Scientific Research and Development in the forties and had as much to do with winning the war as Franklin D. Roosevelt or Winston Churchill, foresaw what would happen after the war and tried to safeguard the independence of science in the face of massive dependence on governmental support. During his term as Kennedy's science adviser, Wiesner remarked that one of his functions was to "protect the anarchy of science." As appropriations for both pure and applied science, and development, mounted to the current total of about $16 billion annually (the greater part always "mission-oriented" for direct military applications) and the cost of the Vietnamese War rose to nearly double that figure, the conflict between that part of the scientific community engaged in basic research and the Congressional overseers of science and technology became more acute. Nor will it end with the war, since the admirals and generals are already pre-empting for future advanced weaponry whatever funds will be freed.

The scientists fear, not without reason, that the $6 billion cut in federal spending for fiscal 1969 will impel disproportionate slashes in basic research. The controllable part of the budget amounts to less than $40 billion out of the $186 billion total. The rest, comprising such items as service on the national debt, Social Security, veterans' pensions and allowances, etc., is untouchable or, as in the case of the $80 billion Department of Defense appropriation, is assured of gentle treatment. In contrast, nonmilitary research and development, which totals at a rough estimate $2.5 billion a year, including $1.5 billion for pure research in university laboratories, is the soft underbelly of the budget.

Earlier (the book was published in 1967), Greenberg viewed the then existing prospects for reduced spending with equanimity. He exposes abuses which have accompanied the rise to affluence of some portions of the scientific community—needless conference riding, including junkets to Europe; needless purchases of expensive equipment; multiple publication for the purpose of garnering personal publicity, etc. "Science was only a calling," he writes, "today it is still a calling for many, but for many others, it is simply a living, and an especially comfortable one, for not only is it relatively affluent, but its traditions of freedom and independence provide a façade behind which government subsidized liberties may be taken in the name of creativity." Then, in one of his best sentences, he says: "Having few peers in the misuse of public funds for personal purposes, congressmen are sensitively tuned to the misuse of such funds by others." He suggests some plausible remedies, such as making the National Science Foundation the principal channel of governmental funds for academic research and scientific training (though not barring support by other bodies) investigating the possibility of putting grants on a multi-year basis, and a reconsideration of priorities. He asks: "In a world plagued by misery, is it decent for fine minds and great wealth to be dedicated to the interior of the atom and the mysteries of the planets?"

While some reductions may be innocuous or even salutary, my own hope is that the drastic cuts that are now in prospect can be avoided. Public support for basic science is negligible: a legislator can vote for cuts without raising a storm among his constituents. Yet long-term

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damage can be done by indiscriminate curtailments. Some of the arguments of the current report of the High Energy Physics Advisory Panel of the AEC may be specious, but it is perfectly true that in this field long lead times are required for planning. Between the initial concept for a large accelerator to its completion a decade or more may elapse; even scheduling a specific experiment may involve a lead time of two years. Maltreatment of one branch is all too likely to spread havoc elsewhere: if particle physics is ruthlessly cut back, social science, which has only recently received anything approaching deserved recognition, will be next on the chopping block, followed by the National Institutes of Health which, with a budget of nearly $1.2 billion, may not be as invulnerable as in the past.

Mythologized Megalomania

DARK AS THE GRAVE WHEREIN MY FRIEND IS LAID. *By Malcolm Lowry. Edited by Douglas Day and Margerie Lowry. The New American Library. 255 pp. $5.95.*

RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Mr. Costa teaches at Utica College of Syracuse University. He is the author of a critical biography, H. G. Wells (*Twayne*), *and is presently at work on a book on Malcolm Lowry.*

Midway through this posthumous novel by Malcolm Lowry, an unpublished alcoholic novelist named Sigbjorn Wilderness arrives with Primrose, his second wife, in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where they spend the night in the same bedroom tower that almost ten years before had witnessed the crack-up of his first marriage—material that Wilderness had worked into a much rejected novel about Mexico entitled *The Valley of the Shadow of Death*. While his wife sleeps nearby, Sigbjorn is seized by a hangover which evolves into a torturing metamorphosis. He imagines himself inhabiting—unaccountably and simultaneously—several spheres. While thinking they are merely the sounds of last night's revelry, he hears a clarinet soar into the strains of his first wife's favorite song followed by the "infernal din" of a ragtime version of the Mexican Raspa ("debombditty boomditty bombditty bomb de bomb!"), compounded by howls from the always present Lowryan pariah dogs.

Although Sigbjorn has convinced Primrose that their trip to Mexico is an exorcism to overcome a massive writing block, he mournfully recognizes anew that every hangover brings nothing but the memory of a hangover, a dread cycle, and that he has sunk to becoming his own "character." But this is coupled with the delicious awareness that he is undergoing a unique experience; that the daemons who are the conductors of human agony ("conductor" in its other, its scientific, sense—someone who serves as a channel for heat, sound, electricity—is peculiarly appropriate to Lowry) are orchestrating pandemonium and that he must not miss a note of it.

The scene—the book—dissolves into a series of flash-backs which move unsurely along the same redemptive trajectory as the unforgettable final scene of *Under the Volcano*. In that book, the Consul is borne ("born" is closer to the heart of the scene) dying to the summit of a gigantic barranca and flung by Mexican Fascists into its crater; but his soul survives, ascending to the top of the volcano Popo which, like Hemingway's Kilimanjaro, had always beckoned the mortally doomed artist.

Sigbjorn—Lowry—sees his torment as supernatural and visions his *Angst* as that of some hideously elected sojourner in a hell from which he cannot emerge alive but whose circles he will, Virgil-like, chart.

> It wasn't good art but it was the truth. Anybody more bloody well damned than himself, he considered, it would be next to impossible to find on this planet. What had God been up to in creating such a man and what was his purpose in keeping him alive, if alive he could be said to be? Was He so kindly that He would do it for his wife? Yet what strange power was it in him, strange, and it could not be but evil—Yet, was he not good, were they not good, had they not sacrificed their own house, their work, to the forest, for others' good—he had forgotten this, this was something else again—was this a power that was wasted on writing and that God had determined must in some sense serve chaos.

The passage is a perfect evocation of Lowry's view of art, inseparable from his view of experience, which was ultimately messianic. Like Lowry's most direct literary influence, his old friend and mentor Conrad Aiken, and like Herman Hesse, a writer Lowry deeply admired ("I *am* Steppenwolf!" he once announced to his wife, Margerie), Lowry converted the surfaces of life into mythologized megalomania, both as a refuge from thought and as evidence of destiny. "His agonies must be far from unique," Sigbjorn-Lowry muses half-drunkenly, "yet it seemed to him that if one person had survived such a thing to breathe purer air and love the light that there was hope for the human race. For one man's agony belongs to all men and to God."

All his life Lowry sought to convert "one man's agony" into gain: to turn, with Yeats, one's greatest weakness into one's greatest strength. For Lowry, the pain of Malebolge and hell-fire would be redeemed by what he could report back. And yet, as Douglas Day notes in his brilliant and necessary preface, Lowry, by offering himself as a kind of human Geiger counter—by allowing *himself* to be written—could become more than Dantean, for he, Sigbjorn-Consul-Lowry, was returning to *re*-experience hell.

Unfortunately, as Lowry found to his great sorrow during the ten years remaining to him after the long-delayed publication of *Volcano*, the infernal machine that ground out his daemonic life carried no guarantee of grinding out, in its self-destroying course, major fiction. Too many of the ever-growing company of critics who discover *Volcano* with each reissue stress the autobiographical aspects, and too few recognize that a decade and four complete revisions were required for the promising but unpublished short story of 1937 to evolve into the "contemporary classic" first published in 1947. And *Dark as the Grave* is so resolutely autobiographical of the circumstances of the earlier book that a careful reading of *Under the Volcano* is absolutely vital to a grasp of what is happening in the later book.

What made *Volcano* so memorable was Lowry's ability to dissolve the boundary line between the objective and subjective worlds of the Consul. In making the Consul's tragedy succeed on both planes, it was necessary for Lowry to post another consciousness on the outer boundaries of Geoffrey Firmin's, a consciousness more clear-seeing than the Consul's, one which records internal and external movements as they develop, more or less in the manner of a movie camera. Lowry then shows them back to the reader-viewer in slow motion. A series of objective correlatives—a child's funeral, a dead dog seen in a ravine, a dying Indian sighted but unaided by the roadside, the ruins of the palace of those "empurpled exiles" Maximilian and Carlotta, a riderless horse bearing the number seven—these serve as clues both to reality and dream. Even the Consul's alcoholism is treated by Lowry as a kind of tragic game with overtones of high comedy.

Douglas Day quite rightly points out that Lowry was a "crammer-inner" seeking "to bore further down into his

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psyche than any reader could follow." Add to this Lowry's Proustian conception of his work as one massive interrelated pattern on whose parts he worked continuously and simultaneously. The combination of crammer-inner and never-ender was fatal to Lowry, the craftsman. It assured him high aspiration and low fulfillment. Only a long life (Lowry died at 47) and the 1,000 words a day for a lifetime of a controlled artist like Thomas Mann could create a corpus of completed works normally associated with the major novelists.

Professor Day's admirable preface pushes a little too hard perhaps the notion that Lowry was not really a novelist, except by accident. Lowry was the first to acknowledge his defects as "irremediable . . . the author's equipment, such as it is, is subjective rather than objective, a better equipment, in short, for a certain kind of poet than a novelist." But Lowry was not falsely humble about his gifts. In what in published form is a 32-page letter of response in 1946 to a Jonathan Cape reader's rejection of *Volcano*, Lowry declares that "there are a thousand writers who can draw adequate characters . . . for one who can tell you anything new about hell fire."

While acknowledging that Lowry would be the last to consent to having *Dark as the Grave* published in this form, one must also express gratitude to Mrs. Lowry and to Douglas Day. In reading these germinal stirrings of a novel in embryo, one glimpses, all the more, the hell-fire, not only of the physical life Lowry led but that of the life of his art. And one is all the more indebted for the precious—if limited—legacy.

THEATRE / Robert Hatch

Look at the license plates. Now completing its sixteenth season, the Stratford Festival in Ontario draws from what has become probably the world's most extensive theatrical watershed; the paid attendance was more than a quarter-million in 1967, and will be bigger this year. Stratford treats its customers well: the small city smiles with discreet prosperity, the swans on Lake Victoria are endearingly insistent about picnic scraps, the huge theatrical company has become a phenomenon of integrated skill, trained to the top of its form, utterly at ease with one another and with its two stages, maneuvering the repertory with the dexterous snap of a cup defender racing crew. One friend tells another, from Missouri to Manitoba, and Stratford is a great deal more than a success—it is an institution.

And a going institution. There is no hint of smugness, no arrogance about the place. This company knows how good it is, but knows as well what vigilance and character are required to remain that way. One of the joys, perhaps the great joy, of the festival is the depth of its excellence. No one on its stages is there to fill space; everyone down to the page carrying a candelabrum is acting with every nerve of his body and according to the demands of the production. The commercial theatre can almost never elicit or afford such dedication, and I had almost forgotten the richness and intensity of life that can pour from a stage when every fragment of its complexity is switched on.

Yet there is a blandness at the center of the enterprise. Stratford can confidently guarantee not to disappoint any reasonable man's expectations; I am less sure that it can surpass them. At least, what I saw there this year confirmed the ideas I had brought with me more than it expanded them. (I am told that in past seasons there have been occasions of astonishment, and in fairness it must be said that astonishment is a theatrical experience that the most superb of troupes cannot create at will.) It occurs to me that the festival may have trouble relating to its public. Though its following is enormous, it has almost no audience at all. An audience goes to the theatre as part of its life; people go to Stratford as part of their vacation. They are relaxed, nomadic, overwhelmingly benevolent; they are also almost exclusively middle-aged and more than moderately well heeled. They recognize that it is meritorious to attend plays endorsed by the wisdom of time; applauding the excellence they find at Stratford, they applaud also their excellence for being there. It is a friendly house, but a self-protected one.

Bending perhaps to that mood, the festival is less a rite than a course of instruction. I have rarely seen productions so lucid, so informative as to the playwright's intentions, so solicitous of the spectator's comprehension. The effect, when the works offered are somewhat demanding, is to make the audience feel pleasantly bright. But wholehearted lucidity does not always work to the advantage of the piece; a degree of bafflement, a sense of reaching but not quite grasping, is also characteristic of the theatre.

Thus the only Shakespeare I saw (the repertory this year also includes *Romeo and Juliet*) was at once the oddest and most explicit *Midsummer Night's Dream* of my experience. John Hirsch, the associate director, has dressed and staged the play to indicate that its subject is lust—with Athenian youths and maidens disporting in attitudes that in no way suggest Dresden china, and with Oberon, Titania and their courts pawing one another in the undiscriminating pregenital sexuality of the underground cinema. Puck has the rasping voice and knowing eye of a costermonger's child; sprites and elves, self-absorbed, sway to modified rock and you can almost smell the pot in fairydom.

In this atmosphere, the "mechanicals," played more or less according to tradition, seem even more innocent than usual, and everyone laughs boisterously at their antics, relieved to be quit for a moment from the amorous damp of the main actions. It can all be justified readily enough; we've known for some time that Shakespeare's Greek idyll cloaks some dubious business. For one thing there is that changeling boy over whom Oberon and Titania squabble, and for another the uneasy permutations of obsessed infatuation. But Shakespeare rarely took single views of human behavior and there are hazards in showing exactly what he meant. Thus if one introduces Theseus as a senile admiral out of Gilbert and Sullivan (I don't understand

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why the Athenians are made to appear in Victorian garden-party rig, unless it is done as a tribute to Tyrone Guthrie, founding genius of Stratford, who likes to stage Shakespeare in fancy dress), it may serve to advance the intuition that the playwright saw lechery as man's most persisting itch. But a doddering Theseus can scarcely deliver his Act V lines in support of the comic thespians, and the actor must abandon the device out of respect for the words.

Similarly, the somewhat rancid concept of Oberon may accord to a degree with Shakespeare's suspicion of love's witchcraft (after all, its most conspicuous victim here is an ass named Bottom), but what of the Oberon who so tenderly blesses the house in which the lovers sleep? Shakespeare was not a very simple man, and it is imprudent to resolve his enigmas for him. I will say, though, that a steamy *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a relief of sorts from the lavender-water masques of countless Christmas holidays.

Tartuffe, staged by Jean Gascon, the new artistic head of Stratford, comes across fast, funny, sharp and relentless. It is so marvelously acted by all hands that William Hutt's Tartuffe does not seem the virtuoso performance that it undoubtedly is. But again the play lacks shadows; it is flat good and flat evil. Tartuffe is a joyless villain, a Protestant sort of sinner, and I have seen actors far less gifted than Hutt who got a Catholic lyricism into the role. Tartuffe can be thought to hug himself in an ecstasy of hypocrisy that is not without religious overtones. Orgon is certainly his dupe, but whose dupe is he? The question does not arise at Stratford; it is all subversive slapstick and domestic irony. I don't much like the Richard Wilbur translation. Its rhymes clang with an insistent accuracy that is particularly jarring when your ears have been made sensitive by Shakespeare's subtle chiming.

The company's *Seagull*, again directed by Mr. Gascon, gave me the most pleasure during my stay at Stratford. You could almost justify the formation of permanent companies on the single ground that only such groups can perform Chekhov. Players who don't know and trust one another will never surrender themselves to Chekhov's dangerous intimacy. This cast did so, and the performance glowed. Again, though, it appeals more to the mind than to the heart, ambiguity being what Chekhov found in life and what makes his plays so demanding of one's conscience. In this production, weakness is made manifest, stupidity asserts itself, Arkadina is a bitch (Chekhov never lets you call his people names) and Konstantin is a little too much the British schoolboy in love. I have never seen the idea of the play interpreted more succinctly—maturity is a disease that poisons the young—but there have been times when I felt the play itself more deeply.

That leaves *The Three Musketeers*—and I am content to leave it. It is this season's circus turn, and I guess a festival needs one such dependable crowd rouser. They do it with wonderful leaps, thrusts and brandished bottles and it is a tribute to the physical training of the company. I'm sure everyone moves better in the other plays for having been through the exercise of Dumas' sword opera, but it contains too little substance for its quota of noise.

Waiting for Godot opened after I left Stratford. I regret missing it, for I should have liked to see what moves they make to clarify Beckett's misanthropic word magic. The exegetes have been at work on this conundrum for some time, which is possibly why the festival chose it as this year's contemporary presentation. There is by now plenty of background for interpretation.

I don't want to be misunderstood: any of the productions I saw at Stratford (well, perhaps not the Dumas) would embellish a season in New York or London or Paris. The festival is hallmark theatre; it is a standard against which other companies may measure themselves, if they have the nerve. If it were not so good, one would not be so sensitive to its possible flaws. What I sense—this tendency to instruct rather than to transport—may also have been detected by Mr. Gascon and his colleagues long before I hit town. If it worries them a little, that is good. The one thing that might diminish Stratford would be a failure to worry.

SILENT AT BREAKFAST

I could outline your nose and mouth
In the wet sand: I have a stick.
But salt foam would wet your lips,
Bubble to your eyes and leave you gone.
Or trace your real bone portrait
With fingers of the blind, for I am blind,
But flesh and morning always soft away the shape,
Blur your name, who you are, what you mean.
This laser beam I prod into the cloud for you
Smokes in the tube, too fierce for human air,
But marks my poor experiment for miles around.
O traitor tide, touch, too-bright light
To lose you among the grapefruit rinds
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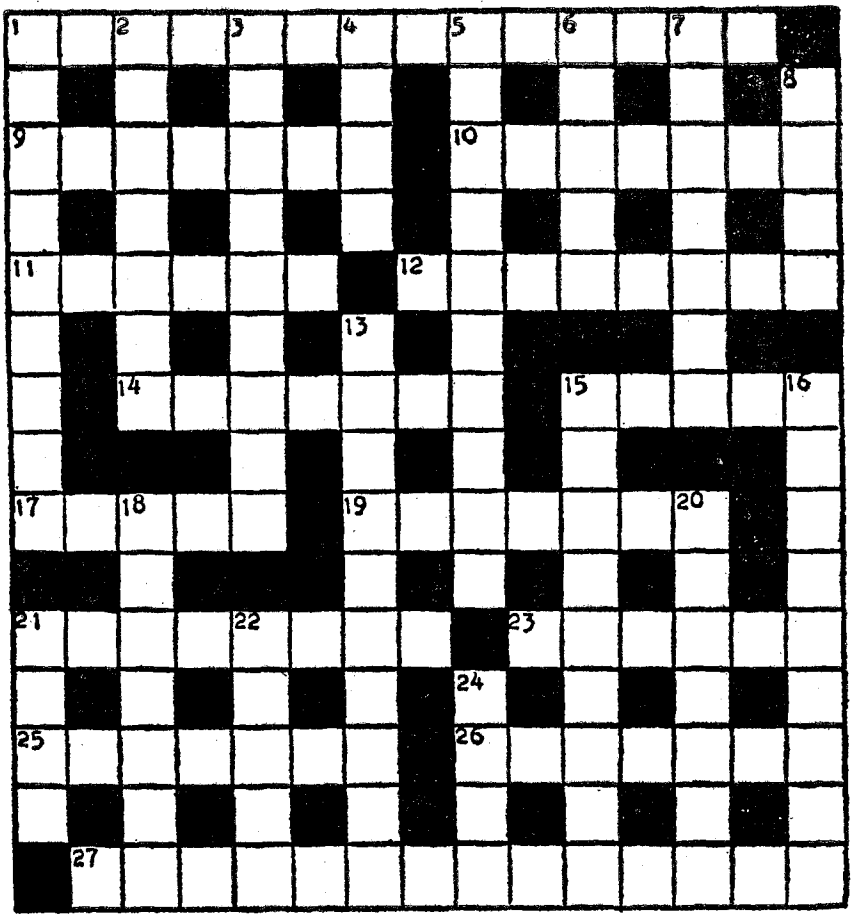

ACROSS

1 and 22 down Being, to hamlet? He decided it wasn't! (1,4,5,4,5)
9 A painter makes it through bad times, as you can see. (7)
10 Conditional clause. (7)
11 What supplies strength is back with the latest! (6)
12 Briefly, a way a poor reader is about to get stopped. (8)
14 The condition of weather in general suggests what Hillary wanted to do concerning Everest. (7)
15 The species that makes paste of the French spirit? (5)
17 Much-better-than-average bird. (5)
19 Holds people in the country, such as resident members of the staff. (7)
21 See 21 down.
23 An oxide of the lightest of metals. (6)
25 Get off at diner changes? (7)
26 Looks with favor, obviously. (7)
27 and 8 How 1968 might be translated from a brief notice. (2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4)

DOWN

1 Proving I care, in a way, about the hazy appearance of stopping the war for peace talks. (9)
2 Of radiation, chemically active. (7)
3 One-time. (9)
4 Polish river, or German. (4)
5 It's more than boils that makes her as upset! (10)
6 The other ones, so the letters indicate. (5)
7 A way to prominence for such as Lindberg (7)
8 See 27 across
13 Lancing may at least help to discover it! (10)
15 The bolder ring doorbells to find it—at least acting bold, if old. (7-2)
16 One might expect to find Mrs. Green a good diver! (9)
18 How to make a singlet behave like Lowell's life. (7)
20 Light movement of Italian sport. (7)
21 and 21 across What Fisher and MacFadden were both noted for. (4-8)
22 See 1 across
24 Space provided when the pole is removed from the amphitheater? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1260

ACROSS: 1 Dolomites; 6 Pipes; 9 Fragile; 10 In style; 11 and 22 Runagates; 15 Red Cross; 16 Faster; 18 Piquet; 20 Riffraff; 23 Oman; 24 Agenda; 28 Automat; 29 Console; 30 Early; 31 Spearhead. DOWN: 1, 25 and 7 Deferred payment; 2 Learned; 3 Main Street; 5 Slings; 6 Post; 8 and 4 Speaker of the House; 14 Half-gainer; 15 Reprobate; 17 Pinnacle; 19 and 13 Quarterdeck; 21 Air hole; 26 Dread; 27 Emmy.

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